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July 1 " ... Lecture.
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LIST of PORTRAITS that have appeared
IN THE
MUSICAL WORLD.

May 4.	Edward Grieg.
May 11.	Carl Rosa.
May 18.	F. H. Cowen.
May 25.	Senor Sarasate.
June 1.	Frederic Cliffe.
June 8.	An Idyl.
June 15.	Fraulein Hermine Spies.
June 22.	Signorina Teresina Tua.
June 29.	Madame Marcella Sembrich.
July 6.	Madame Becker Gröndhal.
July 13.	Sir John Stainer.
July 20.	Madame Lillian Nordica.
July 27.	M. Jean de Reszke.
Aug. 3.	Charles Dibdin.
Aug. 10.	Joseph Hollman.
Aug. 17.	Madame Sarah Bernhardt.
Aug. 24.	Frau Amalie Materna.
Aug. 31.	Herr Van Dyck.
Sept. 7.	M. Johannes Wolff.
Sept. 14.	Madame Patey.
Sept. 21.	Mr. Arthur Oswald.
Sept. 28.	The Bayreuth Conductors.
Oct. 5.	Miss Rosalind F. Ellicott.
Oct. 12.	Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.
Oct. 19.	Dr. Bernhard Scholz.
Oct. 26.	Madame Patti-Nicolini.
Nov. 2.	Johannes Brahms.
Nov. 9.	Professor Villiers Stanford.
Nov. 16.	Arrigo Boito.
Nov. 23.	Mr. and Mrs. Henschel.
Nov. 30.	Miss Marianne Eisler.
Dec. 7.	Madame Trebelli.
Dec. 14.	Mr. J. H. Bonawitz.
Dec. 21.	Robert Browning.
Dec. 28.	Miss Grace Damian.
Jan. 4.	Mr. Plunket Greene.
Jan. 11.	Mr. Frederick Corlier.
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SPECIAL NOTICES.

- * * The Business Departments of the **MUSICAL WORLD** are now under the management of Mr. L. V. Lewis, the Manager of "The Observer," 396, Strand, to whom all communications must be addressed. Remittances should be made payable to the Proprietors.
- * * All advertisements for the current week's issue should be lodged with the Printer not later than noon Thursday.
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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 1, 1890.

FACTS AND COMMENTS.

On Wednesday of last week Mr. Henschel gave an orchestral concert; on the following evening Sir Charles Hallé did the same thing. These facts are very well known, so far; but voice has not yet, to our knowledge, been given to the obvious reflections arising therefrom. It appears that, not content with the apparent unwillingness of the musical public to attend orchestral concerts, givers of these entertainments must needs add further inducements to non-attendance. It has been seen plainly that the coy amateur is reluctant to go to one such concert in a fortnight; therefore it was thought likely that he would enjoy two—on successive evenings! We are far from asserting that the interesting programme offered by Sir Charles Hallé on Friday would have drawn a full house had there been no Henschel concert on the previous night; but there was at least no need to make assurance of an empty house doubly sure. It would be idle to assume that the promoters of the two concerts in question are to be charged with anything more serious than want of tact, for there are plenty of *entrepreneurs* who do the same thing. We are all familiar with the short-sighted policy by which the same work is often given at two closely succeeding concerts, with the result that the amateur selects one and leaves the other; whereas, had a longer distance intervened, he might have gone to both.

* *

But it has been reserved for the two distinguished musicians named to hit upon the brilliant expedient of giving two orchestral concerts on successive evenings—and this, too, at a time when

orchestral concerts are so rare as to make the occurrence of one a distinct musical "event." He must indeed be wildly optimistic who believes that the London amateur is capable of grappling with two "events" in two days. If it be said that there is in London a musical public sufficiently large to supply two distinct audiences for two such occasions, we reply in the doubtful manner of Lord Eldon, There is a Philharmonic audience; there is a Richter audience; and there may presently be a Henschel audience—especially if the improvement shown at the last concert be maintained. But all these are more or less of the clique, cliquey, and think subscription to one enterprise—which they pay more as a social duty than as equivalent for pleasure received—as much as can be asked of them, and sufficient to entitle them to pose as patrons of art. Each enterprise must, we fear, create its own *clientèle*, and since this is all that can at present be expected, the best way to do it is, by some yet undiscovered means, to make it unfashionable not to subscribe.

* *

Referring to the state of St. James's Hall at Sir Charles Hallé's concert the "Times" waxes very bitter:—"The orchestra was well filled, and it was impossible to help wishing that musical taste and money were not so mutually exclusive as they would sometimes appear to be among English people." Is this altogether fair? We suspect a resort to statistics would prove that in proportion to their relative numbers the rich take as many seats at concerts as their poorer fellows. Since the *bourgeoisie* outnumber the "hupper suckles" in about the proportion of 10 to 1, it is not extraordinary that this should be apparent inside, as well as outside, a concert hall. Moreover, it must be pointed out that the wealthy have amongst themselves a number of opportunities for musical enjoyment, such as their own musical evenings, and concerts by clubs like the Lyric and the Meistersingers', together with those of such influential bodies as the orchestras of the Royal Amateurs, the Strolling Players, and the Stock Exchange, to none of which temptations is the shilling amateur exposed. We do not suggest that these occasions are always equal in interest to the concerts of more famous orchestras, but it is intelligible that he—or she—who can hear the most eminent singers or players in a brilliant drawing-room, at a convenient hour, should sometimes be unwilling to drive hurriedly to a hot concert-room after a hurried dinner. Which leads us to consider the next important factor in our musical life—the *DINNER HOUR*. He who dines at eight can scarcely be expected to arrive either in time or humour, for a concert which begins at half-past eight. The shilling amateur doesn't dine at eight; most of him dines at 1:30; but even when he truly names this meal his "lunch," he will not object to dine at six in order to reach a concert in time. The alteration of his dinner-hour is not fraught with the consequences that attend similar gastronomic changes in "great houses." Concerts for the rich should begin at five, and end in time for dinner—or else be postponed till 10:30; those which begin at eight are chiefly convenient to the happy persons who claim abatement or exemption from the Income Tax.

* *

The case of "Hersee *versus* Michelson" has already excited so much comment that we shall not recapitulate for our readers all the details of the story with which they are already doubtless familiar. It is sufficient to note that the friends of Miss Ada Emma Michelson, perceiving that the young lady possessed a naturally good voice, desired to place her under the care of Madame Rose Hersee for purposes of tuition. After much delay and discussion, a contract was drawn up, by the terms of

which Madame Hersee undertook to teach Miss Michelson for five years, receiving in return half her earnings during that period, the young lady's father standing guarantor in the sum of £500 for the due fulfilment of the bond. The lessons were given for a certain time, after which difficulties arose. Madame Hersee contended that her pupil was negligent in many ways, while Miss Michelson asserted in defence that her mistress had not fulfilled the terms of the engagement, and she desired to end the contract. Accordingly Madame Hersee sued for the payment of the sum named, and after a careful hearing of the case received, on the award of the jury, one hundred and fifty pounds as compensation. Upon the terms of this and similar contracts we shall offer no further comment than this, that though in the particular case in point the terms were doubtless fair, and the endeavours of the teacher to fulfil them honest, they are much to be deprecated when the contracting teacher is a person of less conspicuous and responsible position. But the chief moral to be extracted from the story is for the benefit of young aspirants to musical fame. Those who are brought into contact with the lower and more crowded classes of the profession know how many pitiable stories might be told of young girls and boys who, possessing a good voice and nothing else, have thrown themselves into the struggle, and met with bitter disappointment alone. A year's study is all that is thought necessary; they leave their teachers, and wait for the engagements which never come, for the success which keeps still distant. They do not realise the labour, the study, the waiting, that are needful before the name of "artist" can be deserved. If the case just tried should serve as a warning to any such beginners it will not have been fought out uselessly.

* *

Theresa H. Dean has, our readers will rejoice to hear, discovered the secret of being beautiful, and has published the same to a doubtlessly grateful world in an edifying book which has for title "How to be Beautiful; Nature Unmasked." It is not for "THE MUSICAL WORLD" to reveal the mysteries set down in Theresa H. Dean's pages, for, though beauty is indeed an attribute, and some say the end of art, it is the impalpable and ideal beauty, rather than that produced by essence of cucumbers, with which we have to do. We shall therefore not follow the lady as she proclaims unfailing recipes for the production of physical grace; but we may properly invite the attention of our musical readers to the following remarkable passage, in which the virtues, the miraculous virtues, of Adelina Patti's face are described. "Before retiring, or in dressing," says Theresa H. Dean, "her face is generally anointed with cold cream, and allowed to remain on as long as practical, and then rubbed off thoroughly with soft flannel." We all knew that Madame Patti was a wonderful woman, and we have all marvelled at the seemingly perennial beauty of her face. Yet how little had any of us guessed the true extent of its marvellousness! Her face—think of it!—is allowed to remain on as long as practical, and then it is rubbed off with soft flannel! It is not strange that the possessor of a face so wonderful should extort high terms for her services at a concert; the only wonder is that she does not charge twice as much, and allow the public to behold her face in process of being rubbed off. It is true that a careful examination of the context might induce the reader to suspect that the grammar of Theresa H. Dean's book is of more than Thucydidean inconsequence, and to find herein explanation of these strange assertions. But miracles are so rare now-a-days that we prefer to believe in the portentous qualities of Madame Patti's face.

A lighter demand on the credibility of the Patti-worshippers is made by the statement which has been made to us, *à propos* of the paragraph contained in our last issue concerning Extract of Meat and Music, that the great songstress habitually uses the joyful and exhilarating compound of Messrs. Liebig as a vocal and nerve "refresher."

* *

Our readers will share our regret that it is impossible to offer direct thanks to the gentleman who has insisted on paying half the cost of the pianoforte which, as announced last week, has been presented by Messrs. Broadwood to Sister Rose Gertrude. The incident may be described in the following letter, addressed by Messrs. Broadwood to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"SIR: Please to notify that we are no longer the entire but the joint donors of 'Sister Rose Gertrude's' pianoforte. It appears that a gentleman, from whom we have this afternoon received a visit, generously offered to purchase an instrument for 'Sister Gertrude' before the publication of your issue of the 21st inst., a circumstance of which you could not have been aware when our letter was printed. Whilst here, the gentleman in question (who desires to remain *incognito*) saw and approved of the instrument selected for Molokai, but expressed himself as most anxious and entitled to be the donor; whilst we were equally anxious not to withdraw an offer publicly accepted. The claimant for priority of gift therefore shares with us the cost of a pianoforte, a music-stool, the tin and deal packing-cases, and the shipping charges, freight and insurance, to the port of debarkation.—We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

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"33, Great Pulteney-street, W., Jan. 22."

* *

The annual festival in connection with the "Reid" Concert on February 13 will be held at Edinburgh on that and the two following days. The occasion will have special features. The Commemoration Concert on the 13th—the birthday of General Reid, the founder of the Chair of Music—will be the 50th, the first concert having been given by Professor Thomson in 1841. This year's will also be the 25th concert of the present professor, Sir Herbert Oakeley, who in 1870 originated a three days' "festival." Sir Charles Hallé's band, which has been engaged for twenty-one years consecutively, is announced to appear for the last time at Edinburgh at the third concert on February 15th. On the 14th the concert will be choral and orchestral, the programme commencing with Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," performed by the Edinburgh Choral Union. The orchestral selections consist chiefly of recognised *chefs d'œuvre*, such as Beethoven's No. 5, Schumann's first and Mendelssohn's second Symphonies, the "Emperor," and the violin Concerto of Beethoven, the following overtures—"Flauto Magico," "Leonora," "Euryanthe," "Guillaume Tell," "Tannhäuser," and Liszt's fourth Rhapsody, &c. The artists are Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Lloyd, and Sir Charles and Lady Hallé.

* *

A new work by Mr. Hamish MacCunn, entitled "The Cameronian's Dream"—a ballad for baritone, solo, chorus, and orchestra—was produced at Edinburgh on Monday evening last, and was received with much favour by a large and appreciative audience. The work, of which we shall hope to give some account next week, was entrusted for performance to Mr. Manns' orchestra and Mr. Kirkhope's choir with Mr. G. Henschel in the solo part. The composer himself conducted.

* Ill-luck seems to haunt Her Majesty's Theatre with cruel persistence. On Tuesday night the doors were closed upon the last performance of "Cinderella," who is, with her many colleagues, left lamenting. And on the same night, by the way, Miss Agnes Huntingdon was absent from "Marjorie," at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, and it is announced that she will be seen in it no more, for reasons which will shortly transpire.

The prospectus of the London Military Band has been issued, from which it appears that the initial step made by the successful concert given last July at the Prince's Hall is being energetically followed up, and we may hope soon to see the band taking a recognised position amongst London orchestras. Mr. Hill having accepted an engagement in America, Mr. Dan Godfrey, jun., has been appointed the conductor and director of music.

Mr. Carl Armbruster will lecture on Franz Schubert at the London Institution, Finsbury-circus, on Feb. 20. The vocal illustrations will be given by Miss Pauline Cramer.

We regret to hear that Mr. Barrington Foote is suffering from a severe attack of congestion of the lungs. We wish him a speedy recovery.

FRANZ LACHNER ON SCHUBERT AND BEETHOVEN.

(Translated from the *Neue Freie Presse*.)

BY MAY HERBERT.

VIENNA, JAN. 22.

The *Münchener Neuesten Nachrichten* contains an essay by the late Franz Lachner, which he had published years ago in that very paper. He describes how he came to Vienna in 1822, when he left Munich with only a letter of introduction from a commercial clerk in that town, to a friend in Vienna. On his knapsack being searched at Nussdorf the sealed letter was discovered, and Lachner had to pay a fine for defrauding the Post Office, which swallowed up all that remained of his scanty capital. Fortunately the young man soon after obtained an appointment as organist at the Protestant church. Lachner then continues his narrative:—

"I usually had my dinner in the Haidvogel (Heathcock), in those days a well-known eating-house in the Stephansplatz, which was pulled down a few years ago. There I often saw a young man of remarkable exterior, apparently a few years older than myself. His manner had something unusual about it, and a round, fat, slightly bloated face, high forehead, protruding lips, and curly though scanty locks, gave his head an original appearance. His height was below the average, besides which he was round shouldered, and he always wore spectacles, which imparted rather a staring look to his eyes. But if the conversation turned on music, his eyes began to sparkle, and his whole face lighted up. The young man was Franz Schubert, a name only known to a few select circles in those days, but which ten years later attracted the attention of the entire musical world. Through him I made the acquaintance of his friends Bauernfeld, Schwind, Randhartinger, Lenau, Anastasius Grün, Grillparzer, Castelli, Karajan, Dessauer, Feuchtersleben, and others, amongst whom a mutual daily intercourse existed. We often used to meet in the Star Tavern on the Brandstätte, where the poets were wont to read their latest productions. Then certain members of this society would provide us composers with poems for our compositions great and small.

We two, Schubert and myself, used to compare the sketches of our respective works, and constantly went for walks in the beautiful neighbourhood of Vienna to Hietzing, Dornbach, Klosterneuburg, and to the Kahlenberg and Leopoldsdorf, &c. Schwind and Bauernfeld often joined us in these excursions. Schubert frequently came to my lodgings, which in those days were in a house in a garden behind the Invalidenhaus. There it was that we first played his glorious *Phantasie*, for four hands in F minor, Op. 103, and many other works composed at that time. Later on, in 1826, when I was musical director at the Kärntnertheater, I used my interest in musical matters to get Schubert himself a hearing of

his more important instrumental works. They were performed partly in my rooms and partly on special occasions.

It was at my lodgings that the great Octett, Op. 166, for strings and wind, as well as the glorious string quartet in D minor with variations on "Death and the Maiden" were first produced. This quartet, which at the present day delights all the world, and is considered one of the grandest creations of its kind, by no means met with universal applause at the time. After it had been played through, the first violin, Sch. . . who, owing to his advanced age, was certainly not equal to such a task, remarked to the composer: "Brother, this is worth nothing, better let it alone; you stick to your songs." Whereupon Schubert quietly collected the sheets of music and locked them up for ever in his desk. He did not fare much better with his wonderfully beautiful Symphony in C major. I was present with Schubert at the rehearsal at the Landständische Saal in the "Herrengasse," and even this gigantic work only obtained very partial approval. But all this did not deter Schubert from composing. In the year 1828 I had finished my first opera "Die Bürgschaft," the text of which was afterwards used also by Lindpaintner. It had been accepted for production at the theatre at Pesth, and was to be put on the stage towards the end of October. Of course I was most anxious for Schubert to be present at the first performance. But although he had received the most pressing invitation from our mutual friend, Schindler, whose sister was a singer at Pesth, still Schubert did not appear, neither did he answer Schindler's long letter. Not even our proposed arrangements for a concert at Pesth, in which only his own compositions were to be performed, could induce him to send an answer.

On returning to Vienna after my visit to Pesth, the first thing I did was to look up Schubert, when the mystery was explained sadly enough. Our friend was in bed with a bad attack of typhus fever. I can never forget his saying, "My body seems so heavy, and I feel as though I should fall through the bed." Notwithstanding the extreme weakness which these words implied, he kept me by his side a long time, told me several plans for the future, and was looking forward to getting better, so as to finish the opera he had begun, "Der Graf von Gleichen," text by Bauernfeld. The following day my professional duties called me to Darmstadt, where I received the news of his death on November 19th, which was a terrible shock to me.

I had ever looked upon Vienna as enchanted ground from its associations with Gluck, Mozart, Haydn, and especially Beethoven, whose efforts, which had even then been crowned by glorious success, inspired me with the deepest interest. No wonder, therefore, that from the first moment of my stay in Vienna, it was my greatest wish to see him and make his personal acquaintance. During the last years of his life there was an opportunity of seeing him regularly every Saturday evening at the "Oak" Tavern on the Brandstätte, where Beethoven went to eat of his favourite dish, drink Ratisbon beer, and then smoke a pipe of tobacco. He had his own little table in a corner, which out of respect to him was used by no one else. Friends staying in Vienna often visited this tavern, merely for the sake of seeing Beethoven.

I was fortunate enough to make his acquaintance at the house of the Streichers, where at that time all the musical world used to congregate and where, though only an organist and exponent of pianoforte playing, I had succeeded in gaining admission. One day I happened to be there alone, and was sitting by the piano while Nanette Streicher was practising Beethoven's great B flat major trio. Suddenly Beethoven (in whose domestic affairs Madame Streicher had a good deal of influence) walked into the room, just as we had begun the last movement. He listened for a few moments, making use of the ear-trumpet which was always in his hand, but soon showed that he by no means approved of the tame delivery of the leading theme in the finale, and bending over the pianist played it to her, whereupon he quickly withdrew. The nobility of his appearance, his energetic manner, and the immediate proximity of his imposing personality excited and overcame me to such a degree that it took me some time to regain my self-possession. I met him a second time at the house of the celebrated Abbé Stadler, composer of the oratorio "Das befreite Jerusalem," and of several sonatas and fugues, and well known also for his defence of the genuineness of Mozart's Requiem, published in 1826, against the attacks of Gottfried Weber. But Beethoven did not stay long on that occasion, and when Stadler introduced me, answered, "Why, I have already met him."

A little later I visited Streicher at Baden, and we met Beethoven one day, as we were walking together on the Promenade. Then it was that Streicher begged Beethoven to be allowed to bring me to see him, and t

show him one of my compositions. He kindly acceded to this request, and when I called upon him shortly after he received me with the utmost kindness, to my intense delight. Beethoven carefully read through the piano Sonata I had brought, himself altered a few bars, and then returned it to me with encouraging words, and repeatedly expressed his satisfaction. I also saw Beethoven at the rehearsals of the Ninth Symphony, a performance of which had been arranged for at the Kärntnertheater. Beethoven's influence at these rehearsals was not, however, advantageous, owing to his increased deafness.

Shortly afterwards I received the sad news of the death of this tone-hero, on the 26th of March, 1827, in the 57th year of his age, and was one of the vast crowd which followed him to the grave.

THE ENCORE NUISANCE.

MY DEAR EDITOR: What a deal of humbug there is in this (Musical) World—not your esteemed paper—far from it—of course your columns exist to purify the atmosphere of that very mixed musical world to which I allude. I write *à propos* of this "encore" controversy. What an amount of egotism and thinly disguised vanity lies beneath these protests against being encored! I was delighted at last to take up the "St. James's Gazette" and read very nearly the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—spoken out plain by a professional who has experienced and apparently survived the painful ordeal of being encored. "What!" exclaims the long suffering singer, "can be worse than being always encored?" "Why, never being encored, to be sure!" I remember Oliver Wendell Holmes saying somewhere he wished some one would write a book about what everyone thinks and nobody says and another about what every one says and nobody thinks. Now just at present your outraged professional world is flaring up against the newspaper interviewer and the encore concert goer, but you will never put down either interviews or encores for three good reasons—because the public like both, the victims like both, and the newspapers like both. Well I will let the interviewer alone at present and put as succinctly as I can the pros and cons of encoring—nothing extenuating, nor setting down aught in malice—for like every question under the sun the encore question has two sides to it.

Pro encores, I.—When a young aspirant to fame appears the public have a right to encore an agreeable novelty, and in no conceivable case could the novice object to such a popular imprimatur.

II. When a new song, by Grieg, or Mc'Cunn, or Stanford, or Mackenzie pleases, why should it not be encored?

III. When a distinguished soloist not often heard, or only in the country for a short time, is willing to play twice over, it may be Stavenhagen, Janotha, Sarasate—why not? Many people may have come up from the country and sacrificed a Saturday afternoon to hear his one solo—if he will play again, why not? There is no law in such matters but the will of the public, the will or capacity of the performer, and artistic considerations. Well, now, in considering the cons, these three elements of the controversy come into full play.

Contra Encores, I.—The will of the public. I have seen encores carried in the teeth of the good sense and musical feeling of the room by a noisy, rowdy, or interested minority. A *claque* come to applaud a special person—they fight the persistent and sober hissing till they rouse the purely rowdy and larking element to be found in all public assemblies, and by sheer perversity carry the encore against all good taste and propriety.

II. Mediocre singers will take as an encore a degree of applause which only amounts to a *succès d'estime*. That is wrong.

III. Friends of the music publishing trade will conspire to get a new and often paltry song encored. That is wrong.

IV. One singer will refuse an encore because her rival has yielded to only the same amount of applause, or will snap at a recall and treat it as an encore in order for the papers to note that she has been encored as well as her rival. Both courses are wrong and unworthy.

V. I do not in the least pity the singers who are put upon by encores—they can always protect themselves—of course Sims Reeves has been much tried, and so has Mme. Albani, but both Reeves and Albani would be very angry if the public grew less warm, and the remedy, much as they may protest, is in their own hands—let them come on, bow, and point to their throats—let the concert conductor, if these great singers are in earnest, come on and say in their names they wish to be excused. I have often

seen this done—never once have I known the public other than reasonable and generous under such circumstances. No public room would have the indecency to openly take its pleasure at the risk and pain of an overworked public singer—least of all a favourite like Reeves.

VI. But there is one point *contra* which remains—in spite of the high authority of Mozart and Mendelssohn which have been cited (and I see from an interesting letter by Sir George Grove I may add the name of Beethoven). All of these great men were flattered and delighted at having to repeat special movements of their symphonies. Still, the practice of encoring oratorio songs and symphonic movements should be resisted on the soundest artistic grounds—it is as bad as calling upon the *primo tenore* to expire twice before the footlights—which, by the way, has often been done. To break the balance of a quartett or symphony or cantata is an artistic blunder, and is only barely excusable at a first performance. But in all ordinary cases the remedies for encores are simple, and the whole controversy resolves itself into "much ado about nothing." The players and singers can protect themselves by refusing or explaining that they are unequal to the strain.

The public can protest by hissing. The concert conductor or director, as umpire, has the hardest and most delicate task. He will find it difficult to refuse a noisy or interested or simply rowdy *clique*—but he ought to do so.

He will be loth to injure the prospects of a new favourite, or to excite the jealousy of an old one, or to risk an encore precedent which will about double the length of the concert, and necessitate the omission of certain numbers or the disappointment of some who can stay for the whole.

The concert-director's office alone is a difficult and a responsible one—all the more need that he should be guided by intelligible and well-defined principles. As regards the public his rule should be, "Please within bounds, without pandering to interested minorities." As regards the singer he should give to all "A fair field and no favour."

As regards the interests of the Art, he should resist breaking the balance of a connected work of Art. And here the Apostolical rule may help him, "Let all things be done decently and in order." Or the Tennysonian aphorism may guide him, "We needs must love the highest when we see it!"

I am, Sir,

Yours faithfully,

MUSIC AND MORALS.

IN A WINTER CITY.

BY LOUIS N. PARKER.

(Continued from page 68.)

FRIDAY, JAN. 3.—"Das Letzte Wort," a play in four acts by Franz von Schönthan. If I were asked what people on the face of the earth are fondest of the theatre, and what people understand best how to make theatre-going a pleasure, I should answer, The Germans. I know this is contrary to received opinion, and I should have the French flung in my face at once, but it must be remembered that only Parisians among Frenchmen are theatre-lovers; in the provinces you shall see some theatrical exhibitions which will make your hair stand on end. Whether even Parisians take the theatre seriously is a question I must leave "Mus in Urbe" to discuss. In the face of the obligatory ballet at the Grand Opera, of some of the Put-a-penny-in-the-slot-and-the-figure-will-work sort of plots which Sardou turns out, and of certain experiments in Shakespeare which I have witnessed at the Français, I have formed an opinion of my own, which I will obligingly keep to myself. But there is no doubt in my mind that the Germans really love and respect the theatre. Here, in Dresden, when the opera is closed, the Albert Theatre over the water is crowded—and just consider what work it does! Here, for instance, is the *répertoire* as announced for one week: Monday, "The Pillars of Society" (Ibsen); Tuesday, "Cinderella"; Wednesday, "The Taming of the Shrew"; Thursday, "Don Carlos" (Schiller); Friday, "The Last Word"; Saturday, "Much Ado About Nothing." "Das Letzte Wort" is by no means a great play, and its construction is, according to our ideas, extremely faulty, but it was superbly acted. I shall have to speak of the company again later on, so I will reserve what I have to say about individuals.

JANUARY 4.—"Der Prophet."—What shall I do? My dearest friend, with whom I was once having a heated argument about Wagner—the heat, I need hardly say, was all on his side—finally flung the assertion that I was a one-composer-musician in my face, and turned his back, which is broader than his views, upon me. How, then, shall





MISS MARGARET MACINTYRE.

From a photograph by WALERY, Regent Street.

I discuss Meyerbeer's grand opera in five acts with such judicial calm that my impartiality shall, as the French say, leap to the eyes? Meyerbeer was an honourable man, and so was Scribe—both honourable men—and who am I, that I should accuse them of having in this opera put together the most inconceivably unburlesqueable thing the stage has ever seen—with the exception of "Robert the Devil?" Let us pass to the performance. Little Riese was the Prophet. Oh, it was a beautiful sight to see him try to look the part and to see him stand on tip-toe to kiss his mother. Fräulein Von Charanne was the mother, and a fine artist she is, with a lovely voice and a wealth of expressive gesture. The members of the chorus were just beginning to feel the effects of influenza. Scenery superb, especially the interior of the cathedral, in which perspective painting on the flat produced an illusion never to be matched by any amount of modelling.

JANUARY 5.—In the morning to the Court Church to mass. Now I want to dip my pen in gall. Mass in the Court Church at Dresden has been one of my most dearly cherished memories ever since I used to be taken to it in a short frock and pantalettes at the comparatively early age of six. I always return to it with a beating heart, and with tears very near the surface. So I went to-day and stood by the familiar pillar and—well, in ten minutes I hurried out, disillusioned and disgusted. The opera orchestra, the opera soloists, the opera chorus, one of the opera conductors: amongst them all they had only succeeded in breaking down in the *kyrie*; and, as if that were not disgrace enough, the open irreverence, the laughing, chatting, flirting, which went on in the music gallery in full sight of whoso chose to look up at the performers, crowned their shame. Perhaps I was prejudiced. The last service I had attended had been in the solemn aisles of the Oratory at Brompton, and the contrast between the sanctity and perfection of the music there and this—heaven save the mark!—this burlesque, was too striking. In the evening "Carmen." You cannot escape "Carmen"; it is like death: sooner or later it is bound to come. I have now heard "Carmen" in every European language except Russian, and a few years ago I heard it at Prague in two languages at once, for the heroine sang in French while the rest of them sang in Bohemian. Friedrich Nietzsche, the great philosopher who at one time did so much to aid the Wagnerian cause, has recanted, and now holds up "Carmen" as the only means whereby we can attain musical salvation. I cannot follow him, but I will gladly admit that it is a very great and brilliant work. In the first place it is an interesting drama, and somehow that has always seemed to me an important circumstance at the theatre. Here am I, writing about this hackneyed work as if it had just come out. The fact is, when one is, as I am, earnestly engaged in a comparative study of the lyrical drama, one is anxious to get clear in one's own mind why one thing is great and another, though laid out on much more pretentious lines, so infinitely little. There was one striking novelty in this performance. Frau Schuch played Carmen in a straw-coloured wig! It was an awful shock, and I confess it prejudiced me against her for the rest of the evening; so that I came away with the general impression that she has not the faintest idea of the character. On calm reflection that impression is confirmed. She is a light soprano, she is a comedy actress, she hasn't a trace of tragedy about her. It was interesting to see the stately and solemn Scheidemantel as Escamillo, but that experiment also was a comparative failure. Scheidemantel is Wotan, he is Hunding, Vanderdecken, Sachs, Wolfram; he is statuesque, and, so to speak, more than life-size; and he cannot compress his imposing personality into the two-pence-coloured outlines of this *opéra comique* hero. Escamillo, moreover, is an unsympathetic part. You will never persuade the cold Northerner to look upon a bull-fighter in any higher light than as a cross between a hair-dresser's assistant and an acrobat. The *Flense*, as by this time we affectionately dubbed the modern scourge, had got the chorus firmly in its grip and they sneezed their heads off. Good effect.

And now began a trying time. This wretched epidemic, this burlesque plague, played havoc with the theatres, and nearly drove the managers mad. Every morning flowery promises were posted up, now of Wagner, of Ibsen, of all sorts of wonders; and every afternoon the flowers turned to Dead Sea fruit in the shape of the Trumpeter of Säckingen or utter closure.

"Day after day, day after day,
We struck, nor breath nor Motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean."

Moreover the wind changed, a thaw came; the ice turned to slops, and one's only solace was to take afternoon tea all day long with such of the British residents as were not laid low. Dresden, you know, is run for the benefit of the British residents. For them the opera is subventioned, for them alone are the galleries and museums; the whole town is theirs, and they only allow the natives to exist for the sake of adding a little life to the picture. This, at least, is what I gathered from conversation with several of them. There was one comfort, when one was quite full of tea and gossip one could retire to the *Gewerbehause*, eat caviar, and hear a very nice rough little orchestra play Beethoven and Wagner. Sometimes I was tempted to bolt to Berlin, where Barnay was playing Hamlet and Frau Sucher Brünnhilde, but I knew that if I stuck to my post a good time was sure to follow these evil days, so I stuck to my post, and the good time came.

(To be continued.)

MISS MARGARET MACINTYRE.

It has been remarked more than once in these columns that to-day, so prosaic and uneventful is the age, romance seems completely alienated from the persons of even our most distinguished artists. Our prima donnas are no longer captured by wild Indians, nor are they often the heroines of anything more thrilling than a mild jewel robbery. There is, moreover, an additional excuse for the uneventful career of Miss Margaret Macintyre, whose portrait is this week presented to our readers—the fewness of her years, which have yet scarcely given her time for the accomplishment of any more moving accidents than long and hurried railway journeys from town to town. It is a delicate subject to handle, this of age; but we may be forgiven for touching on the point in order that the phenomenal rapidity with which Miss Macintyre has risen to the very first rank of British artists may be accentuated. There are probably few instances recorded of success more quickly, or more worthily won, than this of the young lady who, in less than two years, has come to be recognised as one of our leading singers.

Miss Macintyre, daughter of General Mackenzie Macintyre, though born in India, is, it need hardly be said, of pure Scottish extraction, claiming descent on both sides from historically ancient families. Her earliest musical studies were prosecuted at Dr. Wylde's London Academy, where she remained three years under Manuel Garcia, and won the Gold Medal for Singing; but it is to Madame Della Valle that she owes the chief part of her education. Receiving through this lady the best traditions of the school of Lamperti, it is not surprising that Miss Macintyre's originally high endowments should have borne early fruit, or that Mr. Augustus Harris should have been quick to perceive her promise. At any rate he made haste to engage her for the season of opera at Covent Garden of 1888, and the two succeeding years, and she made a successful *début* as Michaela in "Carmen." Even those who were then present, however, were quite unprepared for the far greater and more important success which she achieved a few days later, when—after but four days' study—she essayed the part of Margherita in Boito's "Mefistofele." That a mere *débutante* could interpret the heavy rôle with such passion and abandonment would have been sufficient to mark Miss Macintyre at once as a singer from whom the highest things could be confidently expected, even if she had not possessed the crowning merit of a beautiful and sympathetic voice. It cannot be said that those expectations have been unfulfilled. It is not necessary to recapitulate each step made by the singer in the popular favour, for they are yet fresh in our readers' memories; but it may be mentioned that, apart from her later operatic successes, achieved both at Covent Garden and during the tour made with Mr. Harris in the autumn of 1888, Miss Macintyre created the soprano parts in Dr. Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal," when it was produced by the Liverpool Philharmonic Society; in Dr. Parry's "St. Cecilia's Day" and Dr. Cresser's "Sacrifice of Freia," at the last Leeds Festival; and in Mr. F. H. Cowen's "St. John's Eve" at the Crystal Palace. We may also add that she has been invited to play in a series of operatic performances at Kroll's Theatre, Berlin, in August next; to sing at the Philharmonic Concerts during the forthcoming season, and at the Norwich Festival in October; all of which is sufficient to prove that if Miss Macintyre desire sincerely to attain one of the very highest places amongst contemporary artists she will not fail through any natural disability.

The Poet's World.

SONG.

Shine, Sun, with golden gleam,
My love lieth low i' th' mould, oh!
Some one hath ended life's short dream;
Thy glory kissed her when she wed,
Forsake her not tho' she be dead!
Oh, my love lieth low i' th' mould!

Sing, birds, with merry note!
My love lieth low i' th' mould, oh!
No more songs from the silver throat!
Sing ye your roundels, blithe and gay,
Though this be not her wedding day!
Oh, my love lieth low i' th' mould!

Sough, winds, and whisper low!
My love lieth low i' th' mould, oh!
Wail it aloud where'er ye go:
Her heart was blacker than the night,
I slew my love with falchion bright,
Oh, my love lieth low i' th' mould!

L.

LOVE AND MUSIC.

O for a trumpet that should quake the ground
with burst of vigorous praise, and shake the skies
With rapture at the glory of the sound,
taking its inspiration from your eyes:—
Or, for a harp, to spread you tender chords,
to raise an insurrection of sweet airs,
a throbbing flame of music paling words,
that should transmute to bliss all base dispairs;
Or, for a viol by master-artist made,
endowed with faery glamour from the wood
and by some King of Masters gently play'd,—
so love might take advantage of your mood.
Then should I know as sure as shines the sun,
that You, and Music, and my Soul, are one.

ST. CLAIR BADDELEY.

XENIEN.

XXIX.

COUNSEL.

When people will not take advice—or heed your warning call
The best advice to give them—is to give them none at all.

D.

XXX.

ALIQUID NIMIS.

Ask Garrulus to dine? For Mercy's sake, no, no!
We shouldn't get a word from any guest:
When once he's off, his tongue's unending flow
Like Aaron's snake—will swallow all the rest.

S.C.

XXXI.

PROOF POSITIVE.

How comes it Sir Epicure's whiskers are grey,
While the hair of his head all its colour retains?
Is it so? Well, 'tis evident then, I should say,
That his jaws have been doing more work than his brains.

Q.

XXXII.

PERE AD IDEM.

Hoot maun, t'would seem there'll be for baith
Nae verra great disparity;
For 'gin I'm lost for lack o' Faith
ye'll be—for want o' Charity.

S.C.

The Organ World.

MODERN ORGANS AND COMPOSERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: I most cordially agree with every word of Mr. Gilbert Webb's very able article on "Modern Organs and Modern Composers." I cannot imagine how any musician who has practical acquaintance with orchestral effects can derive satisfaction from hearing them imitated on the organ, however fine the performer and the instrument may be. Mr. Webb remarks, *inter alia*, that the organ will faithfully respond to massive harmonic treatment and contrapuntal writing. This maxim was impressed upon us at the Leipsic Conservatorium, and the truth of it seems to me to admit of no doubt. The "orchestral" stops are most useful and necessary for affording variety and contrast; but surely the foundation of all organ music must be laid on "massive harmonic and contrapuntal" lines. Bach, Handel, Schumann, and Mendelssohn saw this, and the greatest living composer for the organ, Rheinberger, fully bears it out.

Moritz Hauptmann, in his "Briefe an Hauser," Vol. II., p. 252, makes some very apposite remarks on the want of expression in the organ, and compares sentimental organ-playing to the painting of the cheeks of statues with red. The letter in which these remarks occur is well worth reading, although many of the defects he complains of have been overcome by the genius of modern organ-builders.

Mr. Webb's remark that the money laid out on large concert room organs might be better employed in forming the nucleus of an endowment for a local orchestra, is a very happy one. Would that local concert room managers might lay it to heart!

It is an extraordinary anomaly that in a rich country like ours hardly any permanent orchestras are to be found out of London, their place being supplied by the instrument of all others which is most incapable of giving expression to the living fire of the orchestral compositions of the great masters.

Yours faithfully,

C. F. ABDEY WILLIAMS.

January 25, 1890.

NOTES.

An enormous congregation filled St. Paul's Cathedral on the afternoon of the 25th inst., when, according to annual custom, a special choral service was given, and the greater part of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" sung as an anthem. The chief solos and vocal concerted pieces in this work were sung by Messrs. Kenningham, Hanson, Fryer, Kempton, Grice, and De Lacy, the choir being specially reinforced from that of Westminster Abbey, and the organ by the addition of a full orchestra. Sir John Stainer, who, hearing of Dr. Martin's illness from the ubiquitous influenza, kindly volunteered his services, conducted throughout with the judgment and skill born of long experience, and greatly contributed to the general impressiveness of the performance. The "Magnificat" and "Nunc Dimittis" were sung to a new setting written for the occasion by Mr. G. F. Bennett, R.A.M., whose promising compositions have received much notice. The setting is for solo, chorus, and full orchestra, and is of an ornate and ambitious character. Some extremely happy effects were produced, notably at the words "And holy is His name," in the "Magnificat." The "Nunc Dimittis" as a whole is not so satisfactory, much of the music lacking the reposeful dignity with which this canticle is generally associated, but both numbers are clever and musicianly, and testify to the composer's possession of genuine talent.

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Canon Gregory, preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral on Sunday last, made an eloquent appeal for the more frequent presence of the beautiful in our churches, both in the musical service and in internal decoration, claiming for it an educational influence hardly to be estimated. Were this belief to become more widespread many ecclesiastic buildings would doubtless be pulled down, while more liberal support would be afforded to the church choirs, from whom so much is now expected.

The Dramatic World.

"CYRIL'S SUCCESS."

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, 29TH JANUARY, 1890.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDMOUSE,—

So H. J. Byron is as dead as "Monk" Lewis, and his masterpiece, admirably acted, proves to be an absurdly silly and stagey work. This is the verdict of some critics of to-day, on the present production of "Cyril's Success" at the Criterion. Older critics tell us that all the fault is in the acting; but let us deal with the new school first.

True it is, fortunately, that since Robertson, Pinero, and Ibsen have given us lessons in the school of nature, we see grave faults in the work of Scribe and his disciples which we were wont, twenty years ago, to accept as necessities of the stage. That dropped letter which does all the mischief—the convenient silence that prevents explanations (which would spoil your play)—even the harmless necessary duel, so common in English stage-life, which kills no one but makes an excellent climax for your fourth act—with all these, and a hundred other conventions, Robertson did away; but in "Cyril's Success"—written by an older man, before Robertson's work had had its entire effect—they are all in full bloom.

Moreover, in Byron's comedies the people make jokes. For example: when a man drags a huge silver watch out of his pocket, his smart young friend remarks, "I say, Matt, don't you find your time *hangs rather heavy on your hands?*" This observation—which seems to me entirely in character and reasonably amusing—has been severely criticised: to my mind, foolishly enough. Certainly Ibsen would not have said it, and Shakespeare—if he had been born about 1820—*would*; but even that argument is not absolutely final.

A real fault in "Cyril's Success," however, is the weakening a serious situation, again and again, for the sake of a comic line, either excessively stagey or realistic with a realism which is quite opposed to the general style of the play. Mrs. Cuthbert has many such lines, though they have—very wisely—been for the most part omitted in the present revival. For example, when she goes out in the second act—a woman so wrought upon by the discovery of her husband's faithlessness that she leaves his house at the dead of night—after she has reached the door, sobbing "Farewell, Cyril!" she turns back to say, "I'll talk to Mrs. Singleton Bliss to-morrow!"—Mrs. Bliss being her rival (as she thinks) in Cyril's love.

How bad this is, one does not need to point out; and there are faults more technical in the construction of the play, which the "first night" audience of to-day is perhaps sufficiently instructed to detect. Thus, the third act—which contains the interview between the two women foreshadowed in the speech I have just quoted—is nothing more than a series of smart lines leading up to a farcical "situation": the serious interest roused by the first and second acts being thrown away with complete recklessness—while in its place we are given not even comic scenes, but only comic talk. Then, when the entire story is over, when hero and heroine have met, explained, and made it up, and the dead man has come to life—and met, explained, and made it up with his ladylove—after the curtain has almost fallen, so to speak, there comes a long comic scene: certain to be played, if it were not exceptionally well played, to the

rustling of an exodus from the stalls, with resulting murmurs from the better-mannered pit.

The play has its faults: and I may remind you that it was never received by the public as Byron's masterpiece—it had a fairly good run, and that was all. "Our Boys," of course, and "Old Soldiers," and others of its author's comic plays, were far more successful. But it was a very pleasant play; I really believe, that if to-day you took it up and read it—assuming that your tastes are fairly catholic—you would pass an hour or so agreeably enough. (And it is not every modern comedy that will bear reading!) There is not only an abundance of smart things—some of them, I own, could well be spared—but the characters stand out clearly and strongly, and each act, except that feeble third, has its dramatic story. The first is an excellent act of exposition; the second—relieved of a few cynical comedy-limes fatal to the heroine—is really strong and interesting; the fourth is sharp, fresh, and vigorous; and there is a great deal of very pleasant and homely human nature in the last. Matthew Pincher is an especially sturdy and sympathetic bit of comedy; Titeboy is very bright and true; Miss Grannett is full of real life—and a superfine critic has actually objected to her saying "Deuce take it!" Then the Major, the publisher, the manager, the Viscount, are at worst very telling stage-parts, and the best bits of them are also very true; while even the hero, Cyril, comes out in the fourth act much more strongly than one expects of "comedy-drama" heroes. Nothing in the piece has quite the vigour or the fun of that immortal butterman in "Our Boys"; but the play as a whole is much better written. Nay, compare it with a comedy which still holds the stage, Lord Lytton's "Money"—I think you will find that, though it does not act nearly so well, it reads even better.

To get at the root of the matter, the play is no doubt in many ways of the stage, stagey: but so are all plays, in varying degrees, and, if we have got rid of certain conventionalities, only the judgment of time can prove whether we have not substituted others as bad. Looking backwards, up the long roll of dramatists from Lytton to Marlowe, perhaps the only play later than Shakespeare that stands out as distinctly *unstagey* is "She Stoops to Conquer," eternally fresh and delightful.

"Cyril's Success" is old-fashioned, now; that we may fairly admit. But that it is sufficiently old-fashioned to entirely make its merits of no avail I should not like to say, after a performance so inadequate as that of last Saturday night. Then the weak drama of the piece was allowed to drop altogether, and the strong comedy was made nothing of. A company including many capital actors gave an altogether inadequate performance of a play by no means difficult.

It is curious. Compare the "cast," name by name, with that of twenty years ago, and the moderns have in many respects the best of it; they are the more brilliant actors, if the others were the safer. Mr. David James and Mr. Leonard Boyne have in their time given us performances showing more imagination and more distinction than any which we have had from the late John Clarke—an admirable comedian, though—or Mr. W. H. Vernon; and Miss Olga Brandon gives promise of making for herself a greater name than that charming actress, Miss Henfadye.

Individuals are not fitted with parts, in some instances, in the present revival; but that is not the great fault. The play is a play of witty sayings; they ought to be made to *tell*, by sharp and strong delivery; and there is not a really telling performance in the piece. All the acting lacks force and decision, and without

these qualities you cannot understand—you can hardly tolerate—"Cyril's Success."

Yet there is a great deal of charm, there are flashes of true fire in Mr. Leonard Boyne's Cyril; there is a true womanly sweetness, there is nature, sympathy, even poetry, in Miss Brandon's Catherine Cuthbert; the only fault in Miss Brunton's Pamela Grannett is that she is naturally unsuited for the part—she is velvet, not granite; and I may say almost the same of Mr. James's Pincher. This splendid actor does not, I am sure, "feel himself" in a part precisely suited to the hard, virile, incisive style of "Johnny" Clarke.

Several of the little character-parts are entirely thrown away by inadequate acting; and Maggie Brennan's delightful creation of Titeboy has "left not a wrack behind"—the part goes for nothing now.

One actor, however, does so very well that I can't help being angry with him for not doing much better. Mr. Elwood looks and understands Basil Treherne excellently. Let me implore him, by a little care in their enunciation, a little more force and more incisiveness, to make the capital lines the author has given him as telling as they deserve to be.

And then—will you go and see our Cyril, my dear Mr. Fieldmouse? H'm! Perhaps.

Think it over; nor be too greatly biassed by your critical

MUS IN URBE.

PRIESTS AND PLAYERS.

BY H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

(Continued from page 54.)

That Voltaire should have attached any importance to the question whether or not actors and actresses were excommunicate, and, as such, disqualified for Christian burial in this world, while condemned to eternal punishment in the next seems, on his part, somewhat inconsistent. But even to the irreligious there is something shocking in the idea of the remains of a dead friend being treated with disrespect. Voltaire, then, we may be sure, was genuinely indignant when he wrote his famous lines on the subject of Adrienne Lecouvreur's consignment, not merely to an unconsecrated grave, but to a hole by the water's-side, of which the precise locality was left to conjecture. The police took charge of the corpse, carried it away at night, and allowed no one, whether from curiosity or from respect, to follow the hackney coach in which it was rapidly driven away.

What astonishes a modern reader in the narrative of such interments as those of Adrienne Lecouvreur is that the general public seems to have shown no feeling in the matter. The Government, it is true, was arbitrary and severe, so that Voltaire, having written some bitter verses, which, passing in manuscript from hand to hand, became widely known, was afraid to print them lest he should be sent to prison. Unchangeable as the dogmas of the Church may be, its discipline is evidently susceptible of modification; and the French clergy ceased to consider themselves bound by the decrees of the Council of Arles when they could no longer, without causing universal scandal, conform to them. I say the French clergy, because the clergy in other parts of Europe do not seem at any time to have regarded members of the dramatic profession as beyond the pale of the Church. In Italy it would have been somewhat inconsistent, considering that one form of the drama, the *opera musicale*—or "opera," as it is now briefly called—was being developed in the palaces of Cardinals with the countenance and even assistance of Popes, one of whom was himself a librettist; it would have been inconsistent to have treated singers and actors as beyond the pale of the Church when some of the greatest dignitaries of the Church had been occupied seriously and for a length of time in successful endeavours to combine acting with singing. Almost equal inconsistency was, it may be said, shown in France, where at least one Cardinal, Corneille's envious rival, wrote plays which met with less success than his policy at home and abroad; and Louis XIV. appeared again and again on the stage. He was

not an actor, all the same; he was only a distinguished amateur. But it was certainly anomalous that an art in which Richelieu had taken part as writer and Louis XIV. as player should be looked upon as abominable when cultivated, both as writer and as player, by Molière, who, as long, moreover, as he lived, enjoyed the King's friendship. "If he committed crimes," said the widow, when in her famous interview with the King, she begged that his remains might not be dishonoured, "Your Majesty is his accomplice."

To consider the matter strictly in accordance with history, the treatment of actors and actresses in France by the Church has become gradually milder and milder—a proof that in religion as in politics, public opinion counts for much, and that the decrees of councils, the arguments and decisions of the most authoritative prelates, the whole course, in fact, of ecclesiastical teaching and preaching have to give way to it. In the case of Molière, the worst reproach that can be brought against the clergy is that one of their body, the Curé of St. Eustache, sent for by the dying man, who wished to receive the last sacrament, refused to attend him. This, in the opinion of the priest whom it would be little, in the language of Hamlet, to describe as churlish, was precisely equivalent to sending him for all eternity to the infernal regions. The conduct of the Church towards actors in refusing them Christian burial has often been justified, and with some plausibility, on the ground that as the actors showed by their mode of life that they cared nothing for the sacraments, to refuse them Christian burial was only to deny them something to which they could not be supposed ever to have attached importance. Molière, however, may have been religious in his youth, in the days before, breaking with his law studies, he hastily joined a travelling company; and he in any case begged for the offices of the Church in his last moments, when, as already said, they were refused to him. To show what supreme significance was in the seventeenth century attached to the reception of formal absolution, let me here quote a passage from the record of the torture of Ravallac, a murderer, but a sincerely religious one—a true fanatic, that is to say. The poor wretch was about to be torn to pieces by four horses, even as Damians at a later period was, in a new sense of the words, to be "drawn and quartered." Before the beginning of the final punishment, he had already been tortured in every conceivable manner, Ravallac asked absolution from the priest who was in attendance to receive (for political purposes) his full confession. The priest replied that he would give it to a true penitent, but not to a criminal who at the last moment refused to name his accomplices, and who had not, therefore, made confession in full. When there seemed to be a prospect of the regicide's being absolved a great outcry was raised and many persons exclaimed that he belonged to the tribe of Judas, and "must not be forgiven either in this world or the next." Ravallac persisted, however, that, having made a true confession, he was entitled to absolution, and that the priest was bound, by his office, to give it. Again he was called upon to name his accomplices; but he declared once more that he had none, and it was at last arranged that he should receive absolution on certain terms. "Give me absolution," he said, "at least conditionally; in case what I say should be true." "I will," replied the confessor; "but on the clear understanding that in case it is not true your soul, on quitting this life which you are about to leave, goes straight to hell and the devil."

Molière, however, could not obtain absolution even on such terms as were accorded to the assassin of the greatest monarch who ever ruled in France. The treatment of his remains was a matter of less importance; and as a matter of fact, thanks to the representations made by Louis XIV. to the Archbishop of Paris, whom, alone, he said, the matter concerned. Molière was buried in consecrated ground, though without the ordinary rites.

The body of Adrienne Lecouvreur was not even buried in consecrated ground; but here there can be no question of absolution refused, for no absolution was asked for. Adrienne Lecouvreur died in the arms of Voltaire. In this case, however, the refusal of Christian burial caused a degree of indignation such as had not been expressed in connection with the hurried, informal midnight interment of Molière. We have already seen that when Mlle. Clairon was threatened by her confessor if she persisted in acting, and by the King if she refused to act, her difficult position excited much commiseration, and several angry pamphlets directed against the church. Had she retired from the stage she would have been exposed to no spiritual danger, but would have been in the position of the blameless Mme. Favart, who, after giving up the theatre, continued to lead an irreproachable life, and on her deathbed received the last sacrament.

In the present century the only instance of the refusal of Christian burial to the remains of an actor or actress occurred under the Restoration, when the doors of St. Roch were closed against the body of the celebrated Mdle. Rancourt; and one may be quite sure, from what then occurred, that such a scandal will never be repeated. Under the Restoration, however, the French clergy acted as though not only the monarchy but, with it, the *ancien régime* had been restored. The people made such a demonstration in the streets that the King in his palace had to take note of it, and when troops had been called out to prevent the doors of St. Roch from being forced by an enraged crowd, the royal chaplain was sent to order the doors to be thrown open and to perform the service himself. For the last seventy years actors and actresses dying in Paris have been buried like other men and women, whose many faults and few virtues they commonly share. The cemeteries are under the control not of the clergy, but of the mayors of the different *arrondissements*; and though one still sometimes hears of a burial at which no service is performed, this is due not to unwillingness on the part of the clergy to officiate, but to a determination on the part of the friends of the deceased not to accept their offices.

THE DRAMATISTS.

XXI.—THE JAPANESE.

So little is known in England of Japanese literature that we have not a single dramatist of Japan whose work we can take as representative of a country where the theatre is nevertheless enormously popular, and where true poets have written for it. The playwrights of the early period, Seami and Otoami, are but names; and a name only is Hada Kawatsaku, who wrote, many centuries earlier, some three and thirty of the little plays called "Nô," which remind a European reader more of the slightest of Hans Andersen's stories than of anything that we should consider dramatic.

Yet the Japanese, both of the present and the past, are enthusiastic playgoers. Yeddo has thirty theatres—about as many as London—and Osaka full as many, while there is no country town so small that it has not one stage at least. Moreover, the plays of Japan are almost its only histories, as far as the last two hundred and fifty years are concerned. The subjects of the popular tragedies are mainly historical, though feigned names are often used for the heroes; and the stories are given with so much minuteness that, it is said, "it sometimes takes a series of representations to act out one piece in its entirety."

Our few authorities differ somewhat as to the date of the beginnings of Japanese drama. As in most other countries, its origin was religious; but while the period of the dramatic entertainments (one cannot call them plays) invented by Hada Kawatsaku is given as the sixth century, some learned folks declare that the lyric drama did not make its appearance until the end of the 14th century—and then at first only, as in Greece, as an adaptation of the old religious dances, with their choral songs developed and improved. Then distinct characters were introduced; but throughout this period of the Japanese drama a play had—almost invariably—only two personages, was in fact little more than a dialogue leading up to a dance.

These little sketches are still the staple of the performances which are given privately in the houses of noblemen. Five or six of them are played, with comic interludes or farces between, in the entertainment of a day. The longest single piece would certainly not occupy an hour.

Other plays—the modern Japanese melodramas—would seem to be the amusement of the middle and lower classes exclusively: and their day's enjoyment lasts from 6 a.m. till 6 p.m.

There were, however, plays somewhat more elaborate than the "Nô" before the final disappearance at the end of the 16th century of what we may call the classical Japanese drama. The charming little sketches, such as "The Robe of Feathers," "The Death-Stone," "Life is a Dream" (the very names are poetry!),—conceived with true fancy, and written in exquisite verse—these in time developed into brief plays, founded rather on historic stories than on mere fairy legend. "Nakamitsu," the play which we shall give as an example of the Japanese drama, is of this period—the last stage before the transition to modern melodrama. It is divided into two parts, and performed by no less than five characters, besides the chorus.

The functions of this last important body are exactly those which it ful-

filled in the Greek theatre, to the very early periods of which the Japanese has much likeness; but in Japan the chorus delivers its moralising squattling on the right hand of the stage, just behind the less important of the two actors of the play. The other actor, doubtless, sits more in the centre of the stage; and the orchestra—consisting of a drum, a flute, and two instruments of the nature of tambourines—is seated at the back.

The scene of the lyric plays shows a pinetree and nothing more, while three pinetrees are planted in the ground before it; but in more elaborate dramas the scenery and "properties" are said to be much more ambitious—sometimes, apparently, very good indeed. The Japanese have anticipated the Americans in the invention of a revolving stage, which enables them to change very quickly from scene to scene.

Their dresses are very gorgeous; and masks are worn by the actors, who represent women or supernatural beings. The dialogue would seem to be intoned in a very loud voice, and the "action"—in serious plays, at all events—to be conspicuous by its absence.

Yet there is a charm about the dramatic poetry of Japan which is entirely absent from that of China, and hardly to be found even in that of one classic literature, the Roman: while it is less languid, more truly picturesque, perhaps, than that of the Sanskrit stage. There is little doubt that in a few years this drama will be studied, and will repay study: the more as the poetry of Japan is the one branch of its art which is not a mere copy of the Chinese. It is a pity that both date and authorship of most Japanese plays are doubtful—from an irritating custom of the country which attributes to the head of a lyric theatre, at any given time, all the plays which he brings out.

GLOBE THEATRE.

It is difficult to write adequately of the production on Thursday of last week by Mr. F. R. Benson of "The Taming of the Shrew." When a young actor-manager, impelled by an obvious reverence for his art, spends a not inconsiderable amount of time and money in producing Shakespearean plays to provincial as well as London audiences; when he brings to bear on their interpretation scholarship, thought, and earnestness; he is certainly entitled to the great praise due to genuine and honest artistic ambition. But when he takes one of these plays, and makes of it a rough and vulgar farce—why, then, the high standard by which he takes his place for judgment reveals his shortcomings very palpably; yet this is what Mr. Benson has done. To produce a play which, if not one of Shakespeare's greatest, is, nevertheless, Shakespeare's—and is, moreover, so seldom seen in anything approaching entirety that we all are anxious to behold it—and then to overplay it, and strain all the "business" to the point of pantomimic vulgarity—verily, this is ill done in Mr. F. R. Benson. The Petruchio of him was no masterful lover, conquering the spirit of a proud, but womanly, woman, by his mock-heroic tyranny; he was a rude bully, whose athletic feats with property legs of mutton in nowise compensated for his extravagance. Nor was the partner of his guilt much less culpable, for her Katherine was for the most part a very disagreeable vixen, utterly unlovable, even in the last act. It may be gladly admitted that throughout the whole performance there was evidence of much thought and preparation, and one or two pieces of "business" were strikingly untraditional and effective (we do not refer necessarily to Katharine's exit upon a very patient ass); but other pits than those of the Globe are paved with good intentions. Perhaps it was well that the Induction was omitted, for poor Christopher Sly would have been divided continually—as was the audience—between the desire for sleep and the desire for flight. He would certainly have found pleasure—as, again, did the audience—in the Grumio of Mr. W. G. Weir, the funny Biondello of Mr. Shaw, and the Gremio of Mr. Stephen Phillips. He would also have received huge delight from the contemplation of Miss Marion Grey, who played Bianca with an absence of colour appropriate to her name, but has "a most kissworthy mouth." Sir Philip Sidney is responsible for the impertinence. Let us say that the mounting and dressing of the play were very picturesque, and the dances charming. *Voilà tout!* No, not quite all. It would be unfair to conclude this hard saying without telling Mr. Benson that, although he cannot play Petruchio, perhaps he can play something else; and that if he will treat other plays with more refinement, but equal earnestness, we shall not grow tired of supporting his enterprise for some little time to come.

S. R. T.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Never has the oldest playgoer heard so distinctly a "row" behind the curtain as on Saturday night, after the second act of "Cyril's Success." The well-known voice of Mr. Leonard Boyne rang out, clear and high. "Wretch!" it cried. "You've ruined my only chance!" The "wretch" in question was probably the prompter—the prompter is always wrong!—but fortunately the audience had not quite discovered whence came the reproachful voice, the gallery was still standing up to look at the stalls and the dress-circle peering into the pit when Mr. Boyne's eager accents died away: only just in time, though—ten seconds more and there would have been a peal of inextinguishable laughter or a volley of hisses.

Talking of prompters, that is an excellent if well-known story of clever Mr. Derrick, the author of "Confusion," when he was prompter at the Lyceum, some years ago. He "rang down" the curtain preposterously too soon; and Mr. Irving set his teeth—his own, not Derrick's—and asked, through them, with a savage calm: "Why did you do that, sir?" "Because I was a damned fool," replied Mr. Derrick. A perfect answer.

Six special performances are being given, in an extraordinary way, at that unlucky Novelty Theatre, this week. Every person who buys a number of a paper called "Rare Bits"—which paper we admit to never having seen—receives a free admission (if we understand aright) to the Novelty, and there sees a comedy called "Kleptomania," by Mr. Mark Melford, and a new farce, "The Best Man Wins." If we are but instrumental in sending a little boy to the gallery, we shall feel that we have not lived in vain; for every new step in advertising marks the progress of the age. Moreover, Mr. Mark Melford is, in truth, one of the quaintest fellows living.

Then there is that Opera Comique, opening again, in its own spasmodic way—like an oyster subject to periodic sneezes—this time with an American drama called "A Noble Brother." It may be a very good drama, too. Why not? And yet on the other hand, why?

To counterbalance this burst of novelty, however, it proposes in a week or two to revive the "Cloches de Corneville"—with Mr. Shiel Barry.

The renewed illness of Mrs. Langtry has caused the postponement of "As You Like It," which comedy—with a singularly new cast—was to have been produced at the St. James's last Tuesday. It is hoped, however, that a few days will see the Jersey Lily again at her freshest.

Musical readers—and we trust that we have still some!—will be interested to see the name of Miss Violet Armbruster on the St. James's programme. This very young lady—the daughter of the popular conductor will make her *début* in the almost always omitted part of "Hymen."

Advices from Paris record the failure—to put their polite periphrasis more plainly—of M. Meilhac's new comedy at the Français. "Margot," while too highly flavoured for the virtuous Briton, is described by the cynical boulevardier as "twaddle." And this though Mlle. Reichemberg plays the *ingénue* heroine with all the freshness she has acquired in an experience of something like twenty years!

THE DRAMA IN ITALY.

CAVALOTTI'S "AGATODEMON."

MILAN, JAN. 26, 1890.

Modern Italy cannot be said to possess a robust national school of drama as yet, whatever the future may have in store. Translations of French, and occasionally of German plays, are often in requisition. Daudet's "La lutte pour la vie," for instance, was performed here in December, and now a German play is going on. Among Italian writers of drama the most important of the present day are Paolo Ferrari, who died last year, and Felice Cavalotti. The latter, poet, politician, and dramatist, has lately written a play which has attracted much attention and criticism, favourable and otherwise. This comedy, entitled "Agatodémon," is certainly the most interesting Italian dramatic production of the past year. It was first per-

formed at Bologna in the autumn of last year, then in Padua and in Rome, with success.

A brief *résumé* of the plot may possibly be of interest to English readers:—

The scene is not laid in Greece, as one might imagine, but in Italy, at the present day, and among journalists. The chief figure (who gives his name to the play) is that of a repentant sinner—a man who, seeing the error of his ways, becomes the good genius of the son of one of his former victims. Contrasted with him, we have the Cacodémon, or villain, a journalist who is everything that is bad, mean, unscrupulous.

In the opening scene, Gorani (the Agatodémon), a prey to remorse and melancholy reflections on the futility of living without any worthy object in view, determines to put an end to an existence which seems to be without hope and without aim. As he is preparing to take leave of life the wicked journalist Carletti (the Cacodémon), at present editing a paper of high moral tone, *à propos* of which Gorani cynically remarks: "The best aim a scoundrel can possibly have is to make a good impression on honest men," enters. Carletti unfolds his plot of ruining Artesi, the young poet, whose father Gorani and Cartelli together had ruined in days gone by, causing him to lose both reputation and fortune, and so driving him to commit suicide. The son, Artesi, in ignorance of these past events, is at present in a critical position: on the one hand Carletti is injuring his good name in the world by circulating libels about him, and on the other hand he is in danger from the wiles of a certain Countess D'Albaro, for whom he has conceived a foolish passion. Gorani, on hearing all this, refuses to become Carletti's accomplice, and resolves to live in order to atone for his past misdemeanours by saving the son of the man whom he had helped to ruin—he will defeat the wiles of Carletti. The position of things is defined: Agatodémon *versus* Cacodémon. Act II. is in the drawing room of the Countess d'Albaro, whose husband, an aristocrat of the old school, suspects nothing of his wife's intrigues with the young poet. Gorani succeeds diplomatically in breaking off her flirtation with the poet, thenceforth his *protégé*, who returns the Countess's love-letters and then goes off to fight a duel with some journalist who, instigated by Carletti, had calumniated the young poet's father.

In Act III. the duel has taken place, and Artesi, severely wounded, has been carried to the house of Nella (a young lady of the "Dame aux Camélias" type), who nurses him. The two fall in love—he knowing nothing of her past history. She wishes to tell him, but hesitates, finally resolving to wait until his recovery is complete.

Act IV. is in the Journalists' Club in Rome. The affair between Carletti and Artesi is brought before a Special Council of Honour ("Giuri d'Onore")—a capital opportunity for presenting various types of journalists and literary men. Gorani, as the Agatodémon watching over Artesi, finds time to suggest the plot for a new novel to a young novelist—the title to be "The New Tartuffe" (aimed of course at Carletti). "The Tartuffe of to-day," he says, "is no longer a priest, a conservative on the side of law, rank, and caste. On the contrary, he may be a Socialist, an Atheist, an Anarchist. Tartuffe is always the man of the times—to-day he may be a Bohemian, to-morrow a Philistine—only always a liar—the eternal type"—and so on. In the trial, Gorani unexpectedly reveals the whole scandalous plot of Carletti to the Council of Honour, not concealing his own share in certain infamous transactions, but sacrificing his own reputation in order to defend Artesi, who is acquitted honourably.

The Agatodémon, having saved his *protégé* from a foolish love affair and from the wiles of the villain, now helps him to place his relation with the reformed Marguerite Gautier on a more satisfactory footing. Nella has been redeemed by love (for she really loves Artesi), and he forgives her after a stormy scene—they are evidently going to be happy ever after. Gorani confesses his share in the wrong done to Artesi's father, and is also forgiven. He departs, probably to atone for some other crime committed in his youth, before he became an Agatodémon.

Such is Cavalotti's play—whether it will be the good genius of the Italian stage seems doubtful. The interest centres in the fourth Act, which is really the most successful of the comedy—the only successful one, say some critics. But the women! After all, we are tired of Marguerite Gautier, and she is not the only dramatically interesting type of the "eternal womanly." Italian drama has not yet imbibed Ibsen any more than (not nearly as much as) Italian music has imbibed Wagner. A little Ibsenite inspiration in the matter of feminine character might be desirable here.

M. H.

A LETTER BY SCHARWENKA.

The following interesting letter was addressed to M. Eugene Weiner, of the New York Philharmonic Club:—

BERLIN, OCT. 27.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND: I perceive with great pleasure from your kind letter that you are not angry with me, either on account of my long silence or on account of the delay with the sextet. It is with sorrow, however, I read in your last letter now before me the distressing remark that I have let several months at least elapse before I could extort from my idleness a few lines for my very good friend. Now, do not let us be so severe. Idleness alone was not the cause. You know that I have much to do, and that one easily puts off what does not need immediate settlement. Especially the Conservatory has claims on me, for there I am, so to say, the "maid of all work," and it, according to my latest observation, is developing itself into a fairly American institution. This would of itself be a fine thing, for I like Americans very much. I was made acquainted with many gentlemen of talent and ladies of beauty who do all honour to their native country, yet it were to be wished that the young music-studying Americans, when preparing for a journey to Europe for the purpose of study, were better prepared than they actually are in many cases. Above all things, they ought to know at least a little German before they come over. I can assure you that the most comical scenes take place among us when a young American suddenly plants himself in our parlour, and expresses his wishes in some sort of dialect of some Western State, which has only the slightest resemblance to the English we speak here. Matters have improved indeed a little since I, rightly apprehending the state of affairs, have begun myself to learn English (a student in my old days), enough, at any rate, for piano teaching, theory and musical history which must necessarily be taught in the German language, and there lay like a log. The young people are thus compelled to devote a great part of their already too brief period of study to learning German, and consequently to neglect the necessary practice. A second difficulty is that the pupils with me devote a far too short period of time to their studies; usually they come only for a year, and in this brief time the larva must become a butterfly, the bungler a master. Worse than all this is the melancholy fact that many come over to us only for a quarter of a year, apparently for the sake of playing the humbug at home with this utterly contemptible "German School." Even with reference to the question of money, many of the young people have very innocent views. Many come over in the belief—a belief spread by false reports—that in Germany most things can be got for nothing. One might suppose that the inhabitants of the Dollar Continent, who are ready to take high salaries for their labours in their own country, ought to understand the claims of the inhabitants of other countries to reciprocity. Alas, no! They are alarmed at the most modest demands, and go to look for some common teacher such as abound in America, and in all cities, and to swear it did not pay them to cross the Atlantic. These remarks are naturally not true of all, and as a rule not true of those who come from the large cities and have been prepared by first-class teachers, and who, knowing the conditions of life in Germany, apply themselves to their studies in a thoroughly satisfactory manner. The above named naïven are generally sent to us from the West; they come from every little place, often indeed with wife and child, vary their course of study with a short visit to some watering place, and on their return home ask rates double of what they had previously dreamed of. Because "they have been at Berlin." This is an unhealthy state of affairs, and the United States cannot be anxious to people themselves with such an artistic proletariat. The important requisites for a sound study of music in Germany, the mother country of art, are, some knowledge of the language, good preparation by one of the numerous excellent teachers in America, ample time and a not too slim purse. Only under these conditions can study in Germany lead to the same fruitful results as are obtained in the case of the plastic arts in Germany or Italy.

What do you say about Franz Kullak closing his conservatory and confining himself only to private teaching? So is the great creation of our dear old friend, Theodor Kullak, gone to its grave! Another proof of what a man is worth! Have not I also bored you with my Conservatory secrets? These secrets I have confessed to you expressly in the hope that a man like you, who occupies a public position, and who therefore exercises influence, will, when opportunity offers, raise his voice successfully either by speech or the press in order to get rid of the unendurable difficulties I

have pointed out. That I am heartily sincere in my good wishes for young America can be proved by all those who in the course of many years have been in my house as friends or pupils. I will therefore, without the smallest reservation, place at your disposal for publication everything I write.

After the immense labour I have bestowed on my opera "Roland" I have had only one bit of relaxation this summer. I passed six weeks in Switzerland and Thuringia, and gave brilliant proofs of an unlimited talent for loafing (Barenhautei); I never knew before that my talents were so varied. At present I am again immersed in work, and just now occupied with correcting the score of my "Roland," which I have had transcribed. Next come all the annoyances and disillusiones connected with an opera, annoyances almost inconceivable. Ah, dear friend, one gets little joy from being a composer. My best public are the children; they at least devote themselves to my "Children's Pieces" with unabated gusto; they like to play them, and there's no stupid criticism.

It is to be hoped that these children, when in later years they come to play my later and more difficult works, will acquire also a taste for my orchestral and choral compositions, and even form somewhat of a public for my operas. Oh, I feel myself already quite a composer of the future; the crown of fame hereafter cannot fail me, for I have with my own hand brought up my future public by my "Children's pieces." Perhaps, too, my children may have some benefit therefrom, for we know royalties on operas descend to the heirs for thirty years after death! A nice prospect! Genuinely German. Your kind remark regarding the honorarium for the sextet has somewhat showed me, especially as I was already afraid that you might think I had delayed the work on the sextet so long in order to obtain from you higher rates. Nothing was further from my mind than such an idea. I would much rather present it to you personally and to the club and have myself paid for my work by the publication of it. God grant I can soon send you the sextet! Times are bad with me here, and my wife is distressingly sick, and her health may require a long sojourn in the South. You can imagine I am not in these circumstances in a good state for work. I hope, however—how have I wasted my whole life on everything possible! Now, good bye, dear friend. I shall be delighted to hear tidings of my transatlantic friends.

With kindest wishes,

PHILIPP SCHARWENKA.

CENTENARY OF "COSI FAN TUTTE."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: Herewith I give the cast of the centenary performance of "Cosi fan Tutte" at Vienna last Sunday, which I have extracted from the "Neue Freie Presse" of that date, under the impression that it may be worthy of notice in your columns.

Yours truly,

ALEXIS CHITTY.

"COSI FAN TUTTE."

January 26, 1890. In three acts. German version by Eduard Devrient, from the Italian of "Lorenzo da Ponte."

Leonora (Fiordiligi)	Frl. Marie Lehmann.
Dorabella	Fr. Kaulick.
Despina	Frl. Marie Renard.
Ferrando	Herr Müller.
Gugliemo	Horwitz.
Marchese Alfonso	Mayerhofer.

It was followed by the same composer's

"DER SCHAUSPIEL-DIREKTOR."

Emanuel Schikaneder	Herr Reichenberg.
Philipp, his nephew and concert director	Herr Felix.
Mozart	Herr Schrödter.
Servant at theatre	Herr Lay.
Antonie Lange	Marie Renard.
Demoiselle Ublich (singer from Passau)	Frl. Forster.

The libretto has evidently undergone revision and adaptation. In its original form I think there are only three characters, the manager and two *prime donne*.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Music in Scandinavia does not often force itself on our notice, but there is musical life there, and we may now and then take account of what goes on. Herr Grieg indeed belongs almost as much to Germany as to Norway; but there are other composers in the northern countries besides Grieg. We learn that during last season several new works by native composers were produced at Stockholm. Two of these are from the pen of Andreas Hallén, the conductor of the Stockholm Philharmonic Society and a well-known composer; the first is a symphonic poem, "Ein Sommermärchen" (A Summer Tale) for orchestra, the second a melodramatic piece for orchestra entitled, "The Young Sten Sture." A violin concerto, by T. Aulin, and a cantata, "The Princess and the Esquire," by E. Akerberg, are also among the novelties produced. Considering what they owe to the old northern literature, it is not surprising to learn that selections from Wagner's later works, particularly from the "Ring" are popular in the northern musical centres, and we may add that the Rubinstein Jubilee was celebrated by a performance at Stockholm of the "Ocean" Symphony.

At Milan (Sunday, 26th) the second concert of the Campanari Quartett (postponed from last Sunday on account of the death of Prince Amedeo) contained particularly interesting numbers. After Beethoven's Trio, Op. 97, and Grieg's Sonata for piano and violin, Op. 13, came a musical tribute to the memory of the late Prince. This was in the form of an "improviso" for string quartett by the composer, Puccini (whose opera, "Edgar," is on the list announced at La Scala this season), and may be best described as an Elegy or Lament; the title given on the programme, "Crisantemi," being somewhat meaningless. It was warmly received by the public and had to be repeated. Then followed Svendsen's Quintett for strings (Op. 5) performed for the first time in Milan, excellently rendered, as indeed were all the numbers. Signor Campanari's merits as a violinist were especially displayed and recognised in Grieg's Sonata.

Can it be true that the managers of the Paris Opera have at last found a contralto? One would suppose so from the fact that they announce the engagement of a Mme. Consuelo Domenech to appear in the rôle of Amneris in "Aida." But why is she not utilised for M. Saint-Saëns' new opera, which is on the point of being positively perverted for want of a contralto? There is also a talk of mounting the "Etoile du Nord" for Mme. Melba, who would in that case be able to make her third appearance in "mad" parts.

From the Viennese papers we learn that a successful piano recital was given in that city on the 9th by Mme. Rée-Pilz, the wife of an English musician residing there. Naturally a prominent feature of her programme was several compositions by M. Louis Rée himself, which included some variations with Fugue for two pianofortes, two pieces for violin and piano, and (what seems less justifiable) an arrangement for two pianos of two of Dvorák's Slavonic dances.

It is said that owing to the depression caused by the numerous deaths from influenza in Spain, Herr Angelo Neumann has abandoned the idea of taking his company there to perform Wagner's "Ring." Herr Neumann might give us a few trials in London: it cannot be supposed that the eight years that have elapsed since it was last performed have not witnessed an enormous increase in the appreciation of Wagner's later works.

At La Scala (Milan) "Die Meistersinger" was given once more (Saturday, 25th). This time, in spite of various influenzal disturbances in choral and other departments, the opera was a success; in fact, it was one of the most successful evenings of the season, and Wagnerites begin to raise their drooping heads again.

Liszt's "Dante" symphony, a work which has never been received with any favour in this country, was produced at Mannheim on the 16th inst., under Herr Felix Weingartner, one of the ablest of the young conductors of Germany, with such success that another performance, to take place ten days later, was immediately arranged.

The performances of the Ober-Ammergau Passion Play are to begin on Whit Monday, May 26, and the subsequent performances will take place on June 1, 8, 15, 16, 22, 25, 29; July 6, 13, 20, 23, 27; August 3, 6, 10, 17, 20, 24, 31; September 3, 7, 14, 21, 28. Rehearsals are in full progress.

Among the deaths of the last few days, we read that of Pastor Schu-
bring, the intimate friend of Mendelssohn, and if not actually the compiler,
at least an active collaborator in the books of words of both "St. Paul"
and "Elijah." The worthy divine was in his 84th year, having survived
the composer more than 42 years.

An apparently very interesting "historical" concert was given not long
since at St. Petersburg. The programme included a "Requiem" by
Anerio (a successor of Palestrina), a Litany from Proske's "Musica Divina,"
and some selections from the "Orfeo" of Monteverde.

"Lohengrin," at Turin, Jan. 26th, had a great success, the artists
being recalled after every act. The prelude and many other points in the
opera were warmly applauded, and there were several demands for bis.

A new opera by Catalini is announced for next month at Turin. The
title is "Lorely," and the rôle of the heroine will be "created" by Madame
Ferni.

A statue of Berlioz is to be unveiled at Côte-Saint-André, his birthplace,
in August next.

STREET MUSIC.

We are asked to give publicity to the following circular, which will be
addressed to members of the House of Commons, on the question of Street
Music. We shall return to the subject at an early opportunity.

TO HONOURABLE MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Please to support a Bill for the Suppression of the Nuisance of Organ-
Grinding, for the following reasons.

By the Police Act of 2 and 3 Vict., c. 47, sec. 57, it was enacted that any
householder might require any street musician to depart from the neigh-
bourhood of his house on account of the illness of any inmate of such
house, or for other reasonable cause. This provision was found insufficient
for the protection of householders from annoyance by street musicians, and
by the 27 and 28 Vict., c. 55, householders were given the further power of
requiring street musicians to depart from the neighbourhood of their houses
on account of the interruption of the ordinary occupations or pursuits of
any inmate of such house, or for other reasonable or sufficient cause.

The words "for other reasonable or sufficient cause" were at once held
by the magistrates to be useless or surplusage, for the (doubtful) reason
that if Parliament had meant to give the power of objecting for any reason-
able or sufficient cause, it would have so enacted without specifying two
causes. And accordingly the magistrates do limit the power of objecting
to these two causes or reasons only.

The police say that some magistrates interpret or limit the term
"neighbourhood," which is not defined in the Acts, to about three doors
from the house of a complainant.

This practically amounts to judicially denying the protection intended to
be conferred by the Acts, and to repealing them, for the organs can be heard
300 yards off.

The practice of the organ-grinders is always to go away when ordered,
and constantly and regularly to return. The police say that the only
course is to obtain the names and addresses of such offenders and to summon
them.

But in the following case a summons was refused, by Mr. Cooke at
the Marylebone Police Court, to a complainant entitled to protection on
the ground of ill-health. Two grinders, who had been requested many
times before to depart, came once more with their great, loud machine
near the house. The complainant went for a constable and obtained
their names and addresses, but not in the same street, they having
meantime moved on or been moved on by some one else. The application
for a summons was refused.

Thus the organ-grinders easily evade the Acts, and the magistrates will
not enforce them by strict interpretation.

A complainant cannot give the organ-grinders in charge if they do go
away when requested, however often they may return after having been
previously requested to go away. If they move only a short distance, such

as sixty or seventy yards, the police will refuse to take them though asked, and the superior officers of the police justify the constables' action.

Thus, practically the Street Music Act is useless; in fact it operates as a legal protection to the men who are engaged in the trade of this horrid nuisance.

The nuisance is much worse now than it was in 1864, because the organs are now built ever so much bigger, and are much louder. They are usually dragged about by two men, and these can be heard 300 yards off.

They are almost all worked by Italians. There are only a few makers of the machines, in the slums of Clerkenwell.

Organ-grinding has been stopped in Paris and in New York. Please to stop it here. Please to consider not London only, but the sea-side places, rendered hideous every summer by these horrid noises.

It would not cost very much to ship a lot of them back to Italy.

It is only begging and vagrancy, and worse, because of the horrid instrument. Without that they would not be allowed for a moment; with this aggravation no one can do anything against them.

CONCERTS.

At the fourth Symphony Concert, given on Thursday of last week, a great improvement was noticeable in the rapport between band and conductor. Mr. Henschel no longer drove his men, but led them, and they justified his confidence. The programme, too, was admirably chosen, both as to quality, contrast, and the ever welcome element of novelty; and, best of all, there was a considerable falling off in the matter of empty seats. Let us hope that, in this respect at least, succeeding Symphony Concerts will follow the example of the illustrious No. 4! Only six works were given—Mendelssohn's Ruy Blas overture, Schubert's divine fragment, the "Unfinished" symphony in B minor, Grieg's suite "Peer Gynt," Wagner's Overture to "Tannhauser" and Introduction to the 3rd Act of the "Meistersinger" and a Symphonic Poem in F by Mr. Ferdinand Praeger, illustrative of the cheerful sentiment embodied in the following verse, for which also the composer is responsible:—

"Leben ist schuld, und die Zahlung der Tod
Du lebstest ja nur um zu sterben,
Lebens Bedingung ist Leiden und Noth
Den Tod musst du so dir erwerben."

which may be thus translated in the interests of those innocent of the Schopenhauerian tongue:—

"Life is a debt and death the payment,
Thou livest indeed—but only to die—
Life's conditions—suffering and want—
Through which is earned our right to the grave."

Let us at once say that Mr. Praeger's music is infinitely more inspiring than the sentiment which, we are asked to believe, it illustrates. Were it otherwise we should not wish to hear it again! As it is, we can only wonder that a work composed nearly half-a-century ago should have been so seldom heard, while compositions far inferior in beauty and significance have found ready acceptance. A craving on the part of pedants for orthodox "form" may to some extent be responsible; for the four movements of which Mr. Praeger's Symphonic Poem consists are not separated as in the ordinary symphony, but "follow one another continuously, the ideas in the one being worked up again in different forms in the other;" and as every student of contemporary criticism knows, there are many otherwise able musicians quite unable to distinguish continuity from chaos. Be this, however, as it may, Mr. Henschel is to be thanked for having brought to hearing in a London concert room an orchestral work by a musician who, if only because he writes as he feels, making no concessions to public taste, is entitled to a respectful and sympathetic hearing. It is significant that the audience twice called Mr. Praeger to the platform.

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The announcements that Berlioz' "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony would be performed at the third Hallé concert on Friday last, and that Lady Hallé would play Spohr's "Scena Cantante Concerto" were not sufficiently attractive to fill St. James's Hall. It would appear that at high-class

concerts nothing but a Wagner programme is now capable of achieving this feat; a fact which the best friends of the Bayreuth master have reason to regard with misgiving. The audience, however, did not allow their scantiness to interfere with enthusiasm; they followed the magnificent performances of Sir Charles's band with the closest attention, and were most demonstrative in their applause. A superb rendering of the Euryanthe overture opened the concert, which included Grieg's melody "Spring," for strings, and a delightfully piquant and characteristically national intermezzo for strings from Svendsen's Symphony in B flat. At the next and last concert Bach's Concerto in D minor for two violins will be played by Lady Hallé and Herr Willy Hess. The orchestral items include Beethoven's "Eroica" symphony, Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," and the overture to "Anacreon."

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Mr. Arthur Chappell is a lucky man, for considering the number of concerts he gives in a year, the occasions on which disappointments attend him are singularly rare. Last Saturday, however, he had to inform his audience that Madame Haas, who was to have opened the concert with Signor Piatti in Rubinstein's Sonata in D major, had been taken suddenly ill, and that Madlle. Janotha had consented, at the eleventh hour, to take her place. Madlle. Janotha arrived so late that Miss Florence Hoskins sang her first song, Schubert's "Aufenthalt," to shorten the waiting time, after which all went smoothly. We have always admired Madlle. Janotha's reading of this sonata, and though on this occasion she naturally had no time to "look it up," but little was wanting to the graceful intelligence and spirit which have become associated in our mind with her performance of it. We regret that we cannot speak in terms of even faint praise of her solo, a Gavotte by her father, which replaced the Impromptu by Chopin set down for Madame Haas. The Gavotte itself opens promisingly, but the alternative subjects are uninteresting, and the hurried, undignified reading reduced it to little better than a confused muddle. Schubert's Octet took the place of honour in the middle of the programme. The performance, by the same artists as on a recent Monday, was exceptionally fine, at once full of fire and of delicacy—a too rare union. No interval was taken after the Scherzo, and possibly the very observant might say that a little sense of fatigue showed itself in the cheery *finale*; but even granting that, the performance was a memorable one if only for the steadiness and reliability of the treacherous French horn.

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On Monday, Schumann's Quartet in A minor, the most popular of the three which make up Opus 41, stood in the forefront of the battle. It was played by the usual artists, led by Mme. Neruda, with a generally excellent effect. The first movement, nevertheless, would have been improved by the adoption of a slightly quicker tempo, while, on the other hand, the intermezzo of the second erred on the opposite side. The pianist of the evening was Herr Stavenhagen, who played, in his most masterly fashion, Schubert's Minuet in B minor and Schumann's "Papillons." The beautiful minuet was taken at a very quiet pace, the trio being given with especial delicacy. The "Papillons" gave even more scope to his poetic fancy and his variety and lightness of touch, especially displayed in the *Presto* and *Prestissimo*. So delighted were the audience with Herr Stavenhagen's performance that an *encore* was demanded, to which he responded with a charming piece by Liszt. The programme ended with a highly satisfactory rendering of Beethoven's Septet, and the vocalist was Miss Marguerite Hall, who sang songs by Schubert, Henschel, and Brahms in her peculiarly refined style. The accompanist was Miss Mary Carmichael.

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At the meeting on Tuesday last of Mr. J. A. Bonawitz's Choral and Orchestral Society the programme consisted of excerpts from the works of Mozart, of whose birth it was the anniversary. The overture to "Titus," the Kyrie and Gloria from the 12th Mass, the String Quartet in G major, and the Fantasia and Sonata for Piano were performed admirably, the latter item by Mr. Bonawitz. Two airs from "Figaro" were beautifully sung by Miss E. Bach, while Miss Lizzie Hendricks also contributed two songs with effect. A sonata, originally written for bassoon and cello, and transcribed for cello and piano, by Grützmacher, was played excellently by M. van der Straeten and Mr. Bonawitz. At the next musical evening Beethoven's "Calm Sea and Happy Voyage" will be performed.

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On Saturday evening, at St. James's Hall, the occasion being the "Burns Commemoration," everything and everybody, for the time at

The Greatest of all Pianofortes. THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES. New York & London.
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The Greatest of all Pianofortes. THE STEINWAY PIANOFORTES. New York & London.

least, was thoroughly Scotch. The tremendous audience sang loudly and vigorously for more than an hour before the commencement of the concert proper, and then, being slightly tired of singing themselves, were quite ready and willing to expend the remainder of their strength in applauding the soloists. One needs to see, in order to realise, the "gusto" with which such solos as Miss Macintyre's "Auld House" and "Robin Adair," Mme. Antoinette Sterling's "A Man's a Man for a' that" and "My boy Tammie," "The de'il's awa' wi' the exciseman" and "The wee-wee German Lairdie," sung by Mr. Walter Clifford, and "Ye banks and braes" and "Draw the Sword, Scotland," by Mr. Henry Stubbs, were received. Mr. Edward Lloyd was warmly welcomed, and his fine rendering of "Smile again, my bonnie lassie," and "Annie Laurie" fully appreciated. Dear too to the Scotchman's heart are such humorous part-songs as "Willie Wastle," "The Brier Bush," "Kate Dalrymple," and "The Auld Man," particularly when given with the point and precision which distinguish the Glasgow Choir. Equally funny and well sung were the male Trio, "Willie brewed a Peck o' Maut," and a similar Trio given as encore. Arrangements of "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled," and "The Land o' the Leal" are not altogether fortunate; the words and their sentiment being best represented in the usual solo form. On St. Patrick's Eve, March 15th, there will be a similar concert of Irish songs and ballads, with a band of harps. Let Erin Remember!

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The Artists' Corps (20th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers) held their annual regimental dinner at the Criterion Restaurant on Saturday, presided over by Colonel Edis, and among the guests were General P. Smith, commanding the Home District, General Fremantle, and other distinguished regular officers. The prizes for shooting, &c., were distributed by General Smith, in place of Sir Frederick Leighton, who was absent through illness. After the banquet, a programme of music, under the conductorship of Capt. Thomas, was performed by the Artists' Musical Society, who sang a number of interesting glees and part-songs, including the double chorus from Mendelssohn's "Antigone," "Fair Semele's highborn Son," "The Long Day closes" (Sullivan), "Breathe my harp" (Bishop). Mr. Braxton Smith sang Clay's "I'll sing thee songs of Araby" with great charm, being compelled to repeat the song. Capt. Latter contributed "Rage thou angry storm" (Benedict) with success. Mr. Lawrence Fryer, Privates Herbert-Basing (Terry's Theatre), and Douglas Powell likewise assisted. L.-Corpl. Charles Ganz sang Mattei's spirited song, "I hear the wild wind blow," and also played the "Benedictus" of Prof. A. C. Mackenzie on the violin. Private Brandon Thomas gave recitations. Lieutenant Maybrick was prevented from attending through being on tour in the provinces.

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At the Addison Hall, Kensington, the West London Male-Voice Union, under their able conductor, Mr. Albert Reakes, gave a concert, the only ladies' night of the present (sixth) season, on the 23rd January, assisted by Miss Greta Williams, a promising young contralto, Miss Helen Pierpoint, and Mr. Edwin Houghton, whose beautiful tenor voice and finished style should speedily secure for him a place in the front rank. Miss Bessie Poole, a gifted young violinist and a favourite pupil of M. Sainton, contributed a Gondoliera from a Suite by Ries and a Capriccio by Bohm, the latter being repeated in response to an encore; Mr. W. H. Squire, who is fast making his way both in London and the provinces, played 'cello solos by Piatti and Fitzenhagen, and took part with Miss Poole and Mrs. Wyatt-Smith (pianoforte) in a spirited performance of the Finale of Mendelssohn's D minor Trio. Mrs. Wyatt-Smith also played two of Herr Schönberger's recently published attractive compositions, as well as acting as accompanist throughout the evening. The selection of glees comprised many of the old favourites.

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A highly successful concert was given in the school-rooms attached to St. Matthias' Church, Earl's Court, in aid of the building fund. The programme was of the miscellaneous order, but, executed by such excellent artists as Madame Annie Marriott, Madame Marian Mackenzie, Mr. W. L. Barrett, and Mr. Percy Palmer, was of considerable artistic interest. Mr. Herbert Harraden also contributed some amusing sketches.

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At the Scotch Festival Concert, given at the Albert Hall on Saturday last, Mr. Henry Bailey took the place of Signor Foli. Mr. Bailey, who is a pupil of Mr. Isidore de Solla, was received with warmth.

At the City Temple, Holborn Viaduct, a concert was given on Thursday, January 30, when the artists were—Miss Adela Duckham, solo violinist; Miss Maud Holdom, pianist; Miss Amy Wagstaffe, Mr. David Hughes, and Mr. J. T. Taylor, vocalists.

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC IN BRISTOL.

A very important event in the interests of music in Bristol took place on the 23rd Jan.—namely, the holding of a meeting under the presidency of the Mayor, at which it was determined to revive the Monday popular concerts on a permanent footing. These excellent fortnightly orchestral performances were discontinued about three years ago, when Bristolians suffered the reproach of allowing them to languish for want of sufficient support. From time to time during the period that has intervened the subject of reviving them has been brought before the citizens by the Bristol Press, particularly the *Times* and *Mirror*, and we believe it is principally owing to the personal efforts of a member of the literary staff of that journal that the desirable results we have to chronicle were brought about. A few informal meetings of friends interested in music were held, and arrangements were made for calling a public meeting. It took place in the Nisi Prius Court of the Guildhall, Sir Charles Wathen, the Mayor, presiding over a large attendance. The proceedings were marked with much cordiality and unanimity. Resolutions were passed affirming the necessity of re-establishing the Orchestral Concerts on a permanent footing, and a committee and officers were appointed. The Mayor was chosen president, and the High Sheriff (Mr. J. H. Lockley) treasurer. The joint honorary secretaries are Dr. Walter Lloyd (secretary of the Bristol Instrumentalists Society) and Mr. A. Barker, and Mr. Geo. Riseley has been appointed conductor. Some new features have been and are to be introduced in the present scheme. A guinea guarantee fund—by which one person cannot be liable for more than a guinea—has been started, and 250 guarantors have already sent in their names. The liability is to cease at the end of every year, but members will be at liberty to renew their guarantee. The programmes are to include classical and popular music—the first part to contain symphonies and such like compositions, the second half to embrace marches, valse, selections from operas, &c., all to be well chosen, but by no means meretricious. The prices for seats are to be 1s., 2s., and 4s., and guarantors will have the advantage of purchasing a set of tickets at slightly reduced prices. It has been determined to start the concerts on the 24th February, and to give six during the spring. To all appearance orchestral as well as vocal music is now in a healthy state in the western city, and if only the cordial spirit now existing be maintained and the public will liberally support the various bodies there is a great musical future for Bristol, which is already renowned for its Madrigal and Orpheus Glee Societies.

PROVINCIAL.

LEEDS, JAN. 27.—A capital programme of orchestral music was submitted to the subscribers at the third subscription concert of the season, which took place on Wednesday, the 22nd, including, as it did, Mozart's ever-fresh G. minor Symphony, small in its proportions but great in every other respect, Beethoven's fine but by no means characteristic C minor pianoforte concerto, all the instrumental numbers of Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," and one of Svendsen's "Norwegian Rhapsodies." The performance of the orchestral music by Sir Charles Hallé's fine orchestra was admirable, and we know of very few conductors who are as uniformly successful in music of every school, as is the veteran musician to whom musical people in the North of England are so deeply indebted, since their opportunities of hearing symphonic music would, in the absence of him and his band, be indeed few and far between. As most of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music had been performed at the Leeds Festival of last year, comparisons were unavoidable, and were, we think, by no means to the disadvantage of Sir Charles Hallé's band, which, if it lacked the wonderful refinement of tone and the superb sonority of the magnificent body of artists selected for the Festival, produced a more effective ensemble and played with a spirit and enthusiasm which

we were quite unable to discover in the performance of the Festival band. Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Tempest" music was to have been included in the programme, but had to be omitted, owing to some mishap with the parts. Its place was supplied partly by the Siegfried Idyll and partly by giving more numbers of Mendelssohn's music than was originally intended, an alteration which produced some confusion in the minds of a good many Leeds "connoisseurs," who, unaware of the change in the programme, and, as it seems, taking Mendelssohn's music for Sullivan's, felt themselves at liberty to criticise it in no measured terms, even going to the length of speaking of it as "that rubbish of Sullivan's." This delightful example of "higher criticism" deserves to be recorded, even at the risk of damaging Mendelssohn's reputation (?). Mr. John Dykes was the pianist, and his playing of the concerto was most masterly, being not only technically perfect, but full of artistic feeling, especially in the slow movement, which was full of expression. In the first movement Mr. Dykes introduced a remarkably clever and musicianly cadenza of his own composition. Miss Macintyre was the vocalist, and was heard to the greatest possible advantage in "Elsa's Dream" (from the first act of "Lohengrin") and "Robert toi que j'aime," though she might be considered as going out of her way to sing both in Italian.

At Mr. Edgar Haddock's third "musical evening," on the 21st January, Miss Jeanne Douste was the pianist, and charmed her hearers by her refined and artistic performance of two of Grieg's "Albumblätter," Chopin's valse in E minor, Mendelssohn's scherzo in the same key, and one of his "Songs without Words," a pastorale by Scarlatti, and a "Hungarian Dance" by Brahms. With Mr. Haddock she appeared in Brahms' recent pianoforte and violin sonata in D minor, which had not previously been played before a Leeds audience. The vocalists were Mdme. Recoschewitz, who gave a remarkably fine rendering of the air from "Le Prophète"—"Ah! mon fils," and Mr. Charles Manners.

BIRMINGHAM, JANUARY 27.—Our theatres are crowded nightly; and on certain days, notably Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, on account of the numerous trips from all parts of the Midlands, there is no chance for an outsider to obtain entrance, the houses being literally sold out. The pantomimes at the Royal (Aladdin) and at the Prince of Wales' (Cinderella) are placed on the boards with much splendour. The artists are good, and the variety entertainments of exceptional quality. But not only the theatres draw crowded houses; for we had last week Mr. Grossmith at the Masonic Hall for two nights, and the demand for seats was so great that the hall could have been filled three times over. Mr. Grossmith in his new entertainment has achieved a success beyond all expectation. He has no accessories but his grand Brinsmead piano, and his monologue entertainment is uniquely clever and highly characteristic. In his sketch, "Society up to Date," he portrays to the life the *jeune homme* of the present age, and gives a vivid picture of the dances of the past and present. His accompaniments are extremely characteristic, mirth-provoking, and clever. Since the days of John Parry we cannot recall a more attractive entertainment. An agreeable break has been caused by the return visit of Mr. J. W. Turner's Opera Company at the Grand Theatre, who follow on a short-lived career of the usual Christmas pantomime, which has been withdrawn on that account. Mr. Turner has an excellent chorus with him, capably trained voices of fresh and delightful quality, in this respect showing a marked improvement. The popular tenor himself appeared as Don Cesar ("Maritana") "Fra Diavolo," and fairly carried the audience by storm. His skilful management of his voice is a special art with him. His pianissimos are remarkable for graduation, and the falsetto, which he uses to such effect is in his case by no means objectionable and unpleasant. His artistic *personnel* with one or two exceptions is the same as on his last visit here, the principal soprani being Miss Bellamy, Miss Duncan, Mademoiselle D'Alcourt; contralti, Miss Josephine Yorke, Miss Annette Hayward. Besides Mr. Turner, Mr. Walter Gray and Mr. Charles Leverton share in the honours of the principal tenor parts, and among the bassi we may mention Mr. Edward Griffin, Mr. John Ridding, and Mr. Allen Morris. The *répertoire* includes, besides the well-known English operas, Mozart's "Don Giovanni" and the "Marriage of Figaro." On Thursday the 23rd, a successful pianoforte recital was given by Mr. John Francis Barnett, who included in an interesting programme of selections from Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, and Chopin, a new "Danse Antique" from his own pen.

MANCHESTER.—Sir Charles Hallé gave a fourth pianoforte recital on the 20th inst., the composers represented being Benda, Sarti, Grazioli, Steibelt,

Clementi, and Mozart. Apart from the historical arrangement of these programmes, the recital would have suffered no loss, had the selection been confined to works by the two latter composers. On the 23rd inst. Sir Charles introduced Handel's "Theodora" for the second time this season, the principals—Mesdames Anna Williams, Hilda Wilson, and Lucille Saunders, with Messrs. M'Kay and Pierpoint—being the same as at the previous performance. Our first impression is confirmed on a second hearing of the work. Though containing a few fine solos, the great strength of "Theodora" is to be found in the choruses, several of which are fully equal to any of the masterpieces bequeathed to us by the great master of choral effect. The performance was satisfactory in every respect.

GLASGOW.—Next to the visit of Herr Stavenhagen last week, one of the chief attractions of the present concert season was the appearance of Mr. Henschel at this week's orchestral concert. The gifted and highly-accomplished artist had an enthusiastic reception, and fully sustained his distinguished position as a vocalist of rich musicianly culture and refined artistic feeling. In course of the programme he gave magnificent renderings of "Wotan's Farewell," from "Die Walkyrie" and the scena "Wo berg' ich mich?" from "Euryanthe," in addition to a couple of smaller vocal pieces, Löwe's "Erl King" and an unfamiliar song by Beethoven, "Mit Mädeln sich vertragen," in both of which he accompanied himself. In these works he displayed not only his immense command of declamatory and dramatic expression, but the exquisite finish of his vocal method and phrasing. Such perfect artistic interpretation of vocal music has been too seldom heard in Glasgow, and a return visit from Mr. Henschel is eagerly looked forward to. The orchestral items of the programme included Schumann's "Manfred" Overture and Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony, conducted by Mr. Manns. This week we have no less than three performances of Mac Cunn's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" taking place in the West of Scotland (at Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock), some account of which we hope to give in our next letter.

SOUTHSEA.—A very successful concert was given by Mr. Austin Storry at the Portland Hall on the evening of Thursday, the 16th, when M. Johannes Wolf ably sustained the reputation which had preceded him. His execution on the violin of Rubinstein's "Melodie," Wieniawski's "Faust," and his own "Habanera," were masterly, and his performance of the most difficult passages was only equalled by the tenderness with which he gave expression to others. Miss Grace Damian has already, and deservedly, become a favourite contralto in Southsea, and gave with great effect "The Golden Anchor," "Nobil Signor," and "Winged Echoes" (the latter composed expressly for her by Tosti), while pretty Mlle. Douilly charmed the audience with her clear, pure, soprano voice, and artistic singing. Mr. Laurence Kellie, the tenor on this occasion, sang his own compositions very effectively, and Miss Bessie Waugh, who was the pianist, not only played most skilfully an "Impromptu" of Schubert's, and Rubinstein's "Etude de Concert," but acted as accompanist in the absence of Mr. Milton Wellings. We must not omit to mention that Mrs. Albert Barker's recitations were heartily applauded, nor to add that despite the influenza scare which now keeps many a one at his "ain fireside," the concert was very successful.

NEWPORT (MON.).—The Newport Amateur Orchestral Society gave a successful concert at the Albert Hall in that town on January 23. There was a large and fashionable attendance. The professional vocalists and instrumentalists were Miss Clara Dowle (soprano), Miss Eleanor Rees (contralto), Mr. Theo. Carrington (violinist), and Miss Rose Evans (accompanist). The Orchestral Society's numbers were well received and applauded. Miss Clara Dowle was encored for both her songs, "The Soldier Tired" (Arne) and "Waiting" (Millard), as was also Miss Eleanor Rees for "Entreat me not to leave thee" (Gounod) and "If at thy window" (Harraden).

BATH.—At Mr. Van Praag's last classical concert, given on Thursday in the Pump Room, the programme was headed with Nicolai's "Fest" Overture, Volkmann's Serenade for Strings, op. 60—the violoncello solo being played by Mr. Van Gelder—Cherubini's "Lodojiska" Overture, and Bach's Double Concerto. All these were, as usual, performed with excellent effect, the concerto, played by Messrs. Van Praag and Skuse, being especially noteworthy.

The gifts which distinctively mark the artist, without which he must be feeble in life, forgotten in death—with which he may become one of the shakers of the earth, and one of the signal-lights in heaven—are those of sympathy and imagination.—*Ruskin.*

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MACBETH, Act V., Scene I.—New Reading.



Lady Macbeth.—What, will these hands ne'er be clean?

Gentlewoman.—Ay, Madam. Here, for a shilling, is a sovereign remedy, fragrant of "all the perfumes of Arabia."—**PEARS' SOAP.**

